# Newport Mercury.

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## The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-seventh year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments, rendering so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to businessmen.

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## Local Matters.

### Intangible Property Shrinks.

As was to be expected the total amount of intangible personal property in the city of Newport which can be assessed for taxation, has shrunk considerably. Last year the assessors made a conscientious effort to follow out the recommendations of the State tax commission to the letter, assessing intangible personal property wherever they had any reason to believe that it could be found. In consequence there was a big jump in this class of property over the previous year, but many who were assessed last year came before the assessors this year and took oath as to the value of their taxable property with the result that the assessment had to be reduced. There is a loss this year of almost two million dollars in intangible property, with the result that the rate on the other property has to be increased to make up for it.

The assessment for the year has now been made up and the books have been totaled. The assessed value of the land is $15,515,739; improvements, $22,269,747; tangible personal, $4,126,8 giving a total of $42,515,000, on which the local tax rate can apply. The rate this year will be $13.80 on $1000, giving a tax from this class of property of $588,707. The intangible personal property this year amounts to $19,833,900, and at the fixed rate of $4.00 on $1000, this will yield a revenue of $79,333.60, giving a total tax of $666,042.60.

The tax is payable between July 1st and August 31st, and after the last date will carry a penalty at the rate of one per cent. a month.

Miss Susie Anthony Lawton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Lawton, was united in marriage to Mr. William Gardner Taylor at the rectory of Emmanuel Church on Wednesday afternoon. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Emery H. Porter, D. D., and the bride was attended by Miss Isabella Mahan. Mr. Archie J. Stark was the best man. After a wedding reception at the home of the bride on Newport avenue, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor left for Boston on their wedding trip. They will make their home on Congdon avenue.

Next Tuesday will be the last day for registering in order to vote at the fall elections. Inasmuch as there will be a Congressman to be elected, in addition to all the State and city officers, it would seem as if everybody would desire to have his name on the voting list at that time. Much effort is being exerted by the Republicans to get their men registered, but as yet the other side has not apparently exerted itself heavily. The total registration is regarded as very good, and of course it will be largely increased in the last few days.

A barn belonging to P. H. Horgan on Callendar avenue was destroyed in a spectacular fire at an early hour Thursday morning, the cause being unknown. The barn was unoccupied and had been regarded as a danger spot in that section. As the fire broke out in the night it had made considerable headway before being discovered and for a few minutes blazed menacingly. As soon as the department arrived in response to an alarm from box 21, the fire was under control.

Rev. William Safford Jones, historian of the Rhode Island Society, Sons of the Revolution, has extended to the members of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Sons of the Revolution, an invitation to attend divine service at the Channing Memorial Church on Sunday, July 5th. Mr. Jones will deliver a sermon especially appropriate to Independence Day.

### Board of Aldermen.

The weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was quite a busy one, there being considerable important business in addition to that of a routine nature. Weekly bills and payrolls were approved, and a number of minor licenses were granted.

The committee on new police station presented a report, including the detailed architect's plans for the new building. There was some discussion about the specifications for plastering, the statement being made that a lower priced quality could be secured, but the board thought that the kind specified would be the most desirable for that building. The specifications were approved and the City Clerk was authorized to prepare the advertisement for bids, the work to be divided into four parts, general construction, electric lighting, heating, and plumbing.

The matter of poles of various kinds provoked considerable discussion. A petition was received from the Newport & Fall River Street Railway asking permission to erect poles on certain streets, and in accordance with custom was laid on the table for a week in order to give abutters a chance to be heard. Then it developed that poles had suddenly appeared in places where permission had been refused and the members of the board waxed very indignant about the matter. The matter was referred to the superintendent of poles and wires to see that the company that erected these poles without permission remove them.

The matter of the gates at Easton's Beach will apparently go into court. A resolution was passed instructing the city solicitor to institute injunction proceedings to restrain the lessees from using the gates.

Bids were opened for constructing granilithic sidewalks in the five wards in the city. There were many bids received, and the whole contract went to Hector M. Henry at 97 cents a square yard, with the understanding that skilled mechanics should be used to do the work.

Mr. Max Levy presented a petition asking that the board ratify the action of the last General Assembly in setting aside $5000 from the Judah Touro fund for the purchase of a site and the erection thereon of a building to be used in connection with the work of the synagogue. The accompanying resolution was passed

City Clerk Fullerton was given permission to advertise for proposals for re-tubing a boiler in the City Hall.

### Sons of Temperance.

The National Division of the Order of Sons of Temperance will open its seventieth annual session in the First Baptist John Clarke Memorial Church, on Wednesday July 17, the business sessions to continue two or three days. This is the highest body in the Order, which was started in New York city, in 1842, and is now found in all parts of the world where English is spoken. The Representatives expected here come from different states of the union, and from all parts of Canada, and a hundred or more should be in attendance. They are all past officers of the grand and subordinate divisions both men and women being members, on absolute equality.

The session is held here on invitation of Atlantic Division of this city, of which Deacon Ara Hildreth of the First Baptist church is the only surviving charter member now in Newport. The Grand Division of Rhode Island concurred in the invitation; and after meeting the rivalry and opposition usual in such matters, the National Division at Ovillia, Canada, last summer voted by a large majority to meet here in 1914. There is said to be considerable legislation for the guidance of the Order, to come up, and the bi-annual election of officers will take place. Brother Hildreth who is the senior past grand worthy patriarch of Rhode Island and nearly 94 years old is the chairman of the local committee of arrangements, and P. G. W. P. Horatio B. Wood is chairman of the state committee. It is hoped that the Representatives, and friends who accompany them will stay a few days after the session to "see Newport."

The June session of the Superior Court will be resumed in this city next week. There is considerable more business yet to be transacted, but owing to congestion in other places the court had to take a recess over this week. Judge Chester W. Barrows will preside next week.

Although two prizes were given for papers on prescribed historical topic at the Rogers High School graduation last week, only one was the gift of William Ellery Chapter, the other being given by Mrs. Thomas A. Lawton, a member of the Chapter.

Mr. Thomas P. Peckham is again at the Newport Trust Company after having been housed for some time by illness.

### Worcester Visitors Coming.

Next Tuesday Newport will receive a visit from the Worcester Chamber of Commerce and preparations are being completed by the local Board of Trade to give them a rousin welcome. The Chamber of Commerce is composed of some of the leading citizens of Worcester, and the local people believe that this is a splendid opportunity to show what the city of Newport has to offer in the way of accommodations and attractions for people who are not yet in the multi-millionaire class. Consequently the visitors will be shown about the city and will have every opportunity to view all its attractions.

There will probably be some 500 people in the Worcester party. They will go from Worcester to Providence by special train and will come down the Bay in a special steamer arriving here at about noon. They will proceed directly to the Beach, where one of the splendid dinners for which that place is noted, will be served.

After dinner the Newport Board of Trade will take the party in charge. A hundred automobiles have been impressed into service, and the visitors will be given a ride about the Ocean Drive, and other places of interest, and then be taken to the Training Station where a special drill of the apprentice seamen will be held, by the courtesy of the commandant. After the drill and a chance to look around the reservation the visitors will be carried back to their boat and will start on the return journey at about 6 o'clock.

It is no small job that the Board of Trade have laid out for themselves, and the co-operation of the people of Newport is required to make it a success. It is quite an undertaking to find 100 automobiles for the afternoon, and although a large number have already been pledged more are needed and the board will be thankful for any that are offered. Each auto will be accompanied by a driver who is familiar with the city so that he can explain the interesting places as they are reached.

The Worcester Chamber of Commerce has accomplished a great deal for Worcester, and it is felt that this is just the class of men whom it will be very desirable to interest in Newport.

Mr. James P. Cozzens has this week purchased of Mr. William Sergeant Kendall the so-called Marin estate on Kay street, containing a house and a large tract of land. It is the intention of the purchaser to sell off a number of lots, there being plenty of land there to make very desirable house-lots. Several pieces have already been sold, and the rest will probably move rapidly. Mr. Kendall will occupy the house with his family for the present season.

Rev. William H. Bath, pastor of the Thames Street M. E. Church of this city, was united in marriage on Thursday to Miss Ruth Dean, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Dean of Middletown, Conn. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride in Middletown in the presence of a number of relatives and friends. Mr. and Mrs. Bath will spend a few weeks on Lake Winnepesaukee, and then will come to Newport to make their home.

The Society of the Cincinnati will observe the Fourth of July in Newport as usual. In the afternoon, the public exercises will be held at the Old State House, and the public is invited to attend. These exercises are always of a very interesting nature, there being good speakers, and excellent music. In the evening, the annual banquet of the Society will be held at the Newport Casino.

A postal from Ensign Berching and Captain Rutlam of the Salvation Army, delegates to the great international Convention in London, England, reads: "Arrived safely, beautiful voyage, having a good time, ten thousand people at the welcome meeting in Royal Albert Hall.

Mr. Frederick Hummell, for many years engineer on the old yacht Electra which formerly belonged to Commodore Gerry, died at his home on Hope street late Thursday night after a considerable illness. He is survived by a widow and several children.

Last Sunday saw a large crowd at the Beach, there being many strangers in town. It was a good day for travelling, both by auto and trolley, and during the afternoon the roads out on the island were almost black with automobiles.

General Charles J. Bailey, commander of the Atlantic Coast Artillery, has been in Newport this week, making an official inspection of the army posts in this vicinity. He was received with a salute of eleven guns upon his arrival Wednesday evening.

Hon. and Mrs. Daniel B. Fearing are motoring on Long Island. They will probably be away from Newport for a considerable portion of the summer.

### Birthplaces of Historic Men.

**Places visited in a Two Days Trip through the Hills of New Hampshire.—150 Anniversary.**

In the course of a two days ride over the hills of New Hampshire early this week we passed the birth place or later residence of many men famous in the early and later annals of the Old Granite State as well as in the history of the Nation.

At Nottingham Centre we stopped to examine a granite stone erected by the D. A. R. of New Hampshire, which marks the starting place of Gen. Henry Dearborn and 60 minute men for Bunker Hill on April 20, 1775, the day after the battle at Lexington and Concord. History says they made the distance, about 70 miles, in 12 hours—a feat that could hardly be equaled in this day, even with good roads to march over. Gen. Dearborn was born in 1751 in North Hampton N. H. He fought at Bunker Hill, was in Arnold's expedition to Quebec, and was taken prisoner. He was afterwards in many battles of the Revolution; was Secretary of War under Jefferson, and was Senior Major General of the Army at the beginning of the War of 1812, and was in command of the Northern Department.

A little further along in the hilly town of Nottingham we passed the birth place of Gen Joseph Cilley, born in 1735, Commander of the troops at Portsmouth in 1774, Colonel of the famous old 1st. New Hampshire Regiment; commanded the right wing of the army at Ticonderoga, in July 1777, also at Bemis Heights 1777 and Monmouth in 1778, was with mad Anthony Wayne at the storming of Stony Point, and in many other battles of the Revolution; was made Major General of the army near the close of the War. He was afterwards U. S. Senator.

At Durham, N. H., we took a look at the monument erected to Gen. John Sullivan, one of the most distinguished generals of the Revolutionary War; the General in command at the Battle of Rhode Island August 29, 1778, which the historian Bancroft declared one of the best fought battles of the Revolution. He crossed the Delaware with Washington, and commanded the right wing of the army at Brandywine and Germantown, and was in most of the engagements of importance throughout the War. He was afterwards Governor of the State and U. S. Senator.

At the town of Londondery, N. H., we find the birth place of Gen. John Stark one of the most picturesque of all the Generals of Revolutionary fame. He fought at Bunker Hill, and was in command at Bennington. The famous expression of Stark's has come down in history: "There they are boys: We beat them today or Molly Stark's a Widow." Unfortunately for the truthfulness of historic tradition Gen. Stark's wife's name was Elizabeth. At the battle of Bunker Hill he waited for no orders. He led his men to the fight. Another expression of his which has become historic was his order: "Boys, aim at their Waistbands."

Nearby in the town of Deerfield we are shown the house in which Gen. B. F. Butler was born, one of the most unique characters of our later history. One of the earliest generals of our Civil War, a man both loved, feared and hated by both north and south; afterwards Governor of Massachusetts.

In the same town of Deerfield we are shown the home of Dudley Leavitt, astronomer, school-master, mathematician and maker of almanac calculations of one hundred years ago. Also the birth place of the late John D. Philbrick for many years Superintendent of Schools of Boston; writer of many school text books and a scholar of world wide reputation.

We brought up at the little town of Fremont, our birth place, a little town of some 600 inhabitants, which on Monday last, June 22, celebrated its 150th anniversary as a town. It did it well. There was an automobile parade with some forty handsomely decorated automobiles; orations by the Governor of the State and other distinguished officials, and many other exercises of interest. The buildings of the town were most handsomely decorated and the entire surrounding country turned out en masse to witness the exercises. There were some two thousand people present and the ladies of the town prepared a most bountiful collation for all. It was a day long to to be remembered by all who participated in the exercises.

J. P. S.

The strawberry season is now about at its height, some splendid berries coming in from out on the Island. It is said that the total strawberry crop will not be as large as in some previous years, the severity of the winter being blamed for the deficiency.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. McCagg have gone to Bar Harbor, and will occupy their Newport cottage again later in the season.

### Change of Time.

Commencing tomorrow, June 28 the steamers Commonwealth and Priscilla will leave Long wharf, week days at 9.25 p. m. and Sundays at 10 p. m.

Members of Palestine Temple Mystic Shrine visited Fort Adams yesterday five hundred strong. They dined at Rocky Point and came directly to the Fort by special boat. Lunch was served there at 6 p. m. and at 7 p. m. the visitors returned to Providence. Many members from here joined the party at the Fort.

The great fire in Salem, Mass., on Thursday afternoon destroyed more property than has any other fire in New England for many years. The large furniture establishment of the Titus Company escaped damage.

Senator and Mrs. R. Livingston Beeckman have arrived for the summer.

### MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The schools closed on Friday last for the summer vacations. A number of the teachers held picnics upon the school house grounds while others went with the children to the Beach. At the Oliphant School in the afternoon graduating exercises for those in the 9th grade were held at Holy Cross Guild House, the children marching by couples from the school room near by. They were preceded by their teachers, Daisy Elizabeth Stenhouse, principal, and Vivian Amey Lewin of the primary department. Supt. Joel Peckham being unable to be present: The program was conducted by Miss Stenhouse. The exercises included many songs by the school, two groups of songs charmingly given by Miss Stenhouse's sister, Miss Mae Stenhouse, one of the Rogers High School teachers, and several acceptable violin numbers by Mr. Harry Kalquist, Miss Daisy Stenhouse acting as accompanist. The literary portion of the program was presented by the graduates as follows: Recitation, "At School Close," Sarah Albro Champlin; Essay, "Springtime in the Country," Robert Hambly Weeden; Essay, "Nine Years of School," Mazie Anthony Paquin; recitation, "Flowers" Elsie Lillian Peckham; essay, "Japan," George Armstrong Brown. The sixth graduate, Clifford Albro Champlin, was unable to be present. The address was delivered by the Rev. W. I. Ward, of the First Church, Newport. His theme was "Gladness." A picture of the graduates was taken out of doors at the close of the exercises.

The annual picnic of the Oliphant Club was held at the Beach on Friday. On July 1st this organization will be represented at the annual meeting of the R. I. State Federation of Women's Clubs at Fruit Hill, North Providence, by the president, by the delegates, Mrs. Elisha A. Peckham, and Mrs. Philip Wilbor, and the alternates, Mrs Elbert A. Sisson and Mrs. Abram C. Chace. The closing meeting of the club will be held with a former president, Mrs. Howard Bailey in New Bedford, on July 10, this being the annual outing of the organization.

The Swansea gypsies are again encamped on their old grounds near the two mile corner. It is understood that they have comfortable farms but prefer a camp here summers where they have a good business in trading.

Rev. John T. Huntington, of Hartford, Conn., and his daughter, Mrs. F. J. K. Alexander, are at the Huntington Cottage, Indian avenue, for the summer. They will be joined later by Rev. Mr. Alexander.

A most excellent strawberry tea was given last week at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. M. Hughes, for the benefit of the choir Guild of St. Mary's Church. The grounds were very attractive in flags and bunting, with several hammocks about, also swing chairs and settees, and a tent. In doors, there was music, and pool for the men. Mr. Hughes, who is always bringing about surprises, offered his latest catch from his beach camp, a 10-lb. tautog caught by hand line. This was put up at auction to swell the proceeds and was purchased by Mrs. I. Lincoln Sherman. Mrs. Sherman, as president of the Guild, had general supervision. Mrs. J. W. McCartney was in charge of a table of domestics and fancy articles.

There does not seem to be the usual competition in strawberries this year the largest output coming from the east side. The hay crop is excellent, but much less in quantity than last season.

Mrs. Gladys Barker, widow of the late Stephen Barker, who has been residing with her husband's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Barker on Paradise avenue, since his death, is soon to take charge of her father's home, Mr. Harry Sherman's second daughter, Marguerite having married last week, Mr. Warren R. Sisson, of Middletown, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sisson, of Vaucluse avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Sisson will reside in Newport.

The lower portion of Honeyman Hill is in process of repairs. The Peckham steam roller is being used in connection with the work which is being done by Roadoverseer Walter S. Barker.

The northern end of the bridge leading from Paradise avenue into Prospect avenue is partially barricaded, and at night exhibits a red lantern as the crossing is not considered wholly safe. The town is endeavoring to reach a conclusion in regard to a more permanent foundation as travel here is so heavy.

A large congregation was present on Sunday afternoon to welcome the new district superintendent a former pastor, the Rev. J. Francis Cooper, of Brockton, who was the preacher at the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Rev. and Mrs. Cooper who were stationed here from 1888 to 1892, were much pleased to renew the warm friendships which have held through all the years.

### PORTSMOUTH.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

St. Paul's Guild met at the Guild House Tuesday afternoon and evening. Supper was served. The committee being Mrs. W. F. Grinnell, Mrs. Harry Dale, Mrs. Frank W. Wheeler and Mrs. Peter Malone.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Anthony, entertained on Tuesday, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Carter, Mrs. P. G. Randall, Mrs. Arthur Smith and son Allen, Mrs. Chas. G. Clarke, Mrs. J. H. Peckham and two children, and Miss Kate L. Durfee.

Mrs. William B. Mott and Mrs. William L. Brayton spent Tuesday in Boston. They met Mrs. Brayton's daughter, Mrs. Fred A. Lawton and her two children Louise and Lillian, who were returning from Richmondville, N. Y., where they have been spending the past five weeks with Mr. Lawton who is in the employ of the Lane Construction Co.

Mrs. Minot A. Steele has returned from a visit to Haverhill, Mass., and is entertaining Mrs. Harry Bailey, of Haverhill.

A special town meeting is to be held at the Town Hall Saturday evening at 7.30, to re-consider and rescind from a vote passed at the Financial Town meeting, providing for the preparation of the Town Hall to be used for a grammar school building. To act upon a proposition to appropriate a sum of money sufficient to purchase the land necessary and to build such a school building and to consider other business which may lawfully come before the meeting.

The First Quarterly Conference of the year was held Friday evening in the Methodist Episcopal Church, with the newly appointed district superintendent Rev. J. F. Cooper, D. D. in charge of the meeting.

Mrs. Mary E. Almy of Fall River has been here to visit Mrs. Andrew Chase who is quite ill.

Mrs. Samuel Dyer is ill.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Peckham entertained a party of relatives and friends on Monday to celebrate the second birthday of their daughter, Ruth Anthony Peckham. Refreshments were served out of doors from a table prettily decorated with flowers. Guests were present from Newport. Little Miss Peckham received many pretty gifts among them being a sum of money, and a flock of bantams.

The cottage occupied by the Portuguese care-taker for Miss Sarah J. Eddy was burned to the ground Saturday morning. The cause of the fire is not known. The occupants escaped and managed to save a part of the furniture although it was impossible to save the house.

Mr. and Mrs. James Sinclair of Fall River have been the guests of Miss Nellie Sinclair; the latter has also been entertaining her mother.

Children's Day was celebrated with appropriate exercises at the Methodist Episcopal and Friends' Churches on Sunday. The programes were well arranged and the large audiences listened with pleasure as the children sang their songs and gave their recitations. The floral decorations were very handsome.

Mrs. Constant Woodman Chase gave a childrens party in honor of her son Constant Woodman Chase Jr., to celebrate his second birthday. The children were entertained on the piazza and the lawn and refreshments were served out of doors. Instead of a large birthday cake, each guest was given a small birthday cake decorated with two candles.

The young son of Mr. and Mrs. Gideon W. Almy found some Paris green and ate some. When his parents learned what had been done a physician was summoned and the child was given treatment which saved its life.

Sunday morning smoke was seen coming out of the upper story of Mr. Thos. Payson's cottage, near Island Park. It was very early in the morning, but an alarm was given and the chemicals were brought from Island Park and helped much in putting out the fire, although four cottages were burned to the ground, two belonging to Mr. Payson and two to Mr. Josiah Wagstaff who discovered the fire. A new cottage belonging to Mr. Altz was badly scorched, and this was saved. Mr. Wagstaff's cottages were insured. It is not known how the house took fire as it was unoccupied, although the family of Mr. Payson had been in the house the previous day preparing it for occupancy. The neighbors did all in their power to save the property, but all felt that it was most fortunate that other cottages did not take fire as these houses are rather close together in this section.

Mrs. William B. Mott entertained the Women's Foreign Missionary Society at her home, Sunny Lawn, at the regular meeting. The afternoon was devoted to sewing. In the evening the company was augmented by the gentlemen and supper was served to 35. Later a program of music and reading was given.

At the regular meeting of Portsmouth Grange two members were given the third and fourth degrees. The lady assistant steward, Mrs. George Hart provided a pleasing entertainment and a strawberry supper was served.

A Portuguese man was badly injured near Mint Water Brook recently when his horse became badly frightened and jumped the wall, throwing the man out. One leg was broken in one place and the other in two places one being a compound fracture. His head was also badly hurt. Physicians were called and the man was carried to the Newport Hospital.

Miss Alberta Roach, a student at Radcliffe College, is spending part of her vacation with her sister, Miss Orla Roach at Forest Farm. Later she will visit her father and another sister in St. John's, N. B.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hamilton of New York are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Chase and Mr. Hamilton's son, Warren Chase Hamilton.

# The Land of Broken Promises

## A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

By DANE COOLIDGE

Author of "THE FIGHTING FOOL," "HIDDEN WATERS," "THE TEXICAN," Etc.

Illustrations by DON J. LAVIN

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CHAPTER IX.

Not the least of the causes which have brought Mexico to the brink of the abyss is the endless quarrel between church and state, which has almost destroyed the sanctity of marriage and left, besides, a pitiful heritage of deserted women and fatherless children as its toll.

Many an honest laborer has peconed himself to pay the priest for his marriage, only to be told that it is not legal in the eyes of the law; and many another, married by the judge, has been gravely informed by the padre that the woman is only his mistress, and the children born out of wedlock.

So that now, to be sure that she is wedded, a woman must be married twice, and many a couple, on account of the prohibitive fees, are never married at all.

Cruz Mendez was no different from the men of his class, and he believed honestly that he was married to the comely Maria; but Hooker could have enlightened him on that point if he had cared to do it.

Bud was playing a game, with the Eagle Tail mine for a stake, and, being experienced at poker, he stood pat and studied his hand. Without doubt Mendez had lost his usefulness as a locator of the mine, since Maria was not his legal wife and could not sign the transfer papers as such. According to the law of the land, the woman now living with Aragón's mayordomo was the "legitimate" wife of the contract, and she alone could release title to the mine once Mendez dénounced the claim.

But Mendez had not yet denounced the claim—though for a period of some thirty days yet he had the exclusive privilege of doing so—and Bud did not intend that he should.

Meanwhile they must walk softly, leaving Aragon to still hug the delusion that he would soon, through his mayordomo, have them in his power—and when the full sixty days of Cruz Mendez's mining permit had expired they could locate the mine again.

But how—and through whom? That was the question that Bud was studying upon when Phil rode up the trail, and in his abstraction he barely returned his gay greeting.

"Well, cheer up, old top!" cried De Lancey, throwing his bridle-reins to the ground and striding up to the tent. "What ho, let down the portcullis, me lord someshall! And cease your vain troubling, Algernon—our papers are all O. K. and the lawyer says to go ahead. But that isn't half the news! Say, we had a dance up at the hotel last night and I met—"

"Yes—sure you did," broke in Bud; "but listen to this!" And he told him of El Tuerto's matrimonial entanglements.

"Why, the crooked devil!" exclaimed De Lancey, leaping up at the finish. "Oyez! Mendez!"

"Don't say a word," warned Bud, springing to the tent door to intercept him, "or you'll put us out of business! It is nothing," he continued in Spanish as Mendez came out of his house, "but put Don Felipe's horse in the corral when he is cool."

"Si, senor—with great pleasure!" smirked Mendez, running to get the horse, and after he had departed Bud turned back and shook his head.

"We can't afford to quarrel with Mr. Mendez," he said; "because if Aragon ever gets hold of him we're ditched. Jest let everything run on like we'd overlooked something until the sixty days are up—then, if we get away with it, we'll locate the mine ourselves."

"Yes; but how?"

"Well, they's two ways," returned Bud; "either hunt up another Mexican citizen or turn Mexican ourselves."

"Turn Mexican!" shrilled Phil, and then he broke down and laughed. "Well, you're a great one, Bud," he chortled; "you sure are!"

"I come down here to get this mine," said Bud laconically.

"Yes, but you're a Texan—or was one!"

"That makes no difference," answered Bud stoutly. "The hot weather is coming on—revolution is likely to begin any time—and there ain't a single Mexican we can trust. Jest one more break now and we lose out—now how about it?"

"Who's going to turn Mexican?" questioned De Lancey, "you or me?"

"Well—I will, then!"

"No, you won't, either!" cried Phil, forgetting his canny shrewdness. "I'll do it myself! I'm half Mexican already. I've been eating chili so long!"

"Now here," began Bud, "listen to me. I've been thinking this over all day and you jest heard about it. The man that turns Mexican is likely to get mixed up with the authorities and have to skip the country, but the other feller is in the other way—he's got to stay with the works till hell freezes over.

"Now you're an engineer and you know how to open up a mine—I don't. So, if you say so, I'll take out the papers and you hold the mine—or if you want to you can turn Mex."

"Well," said De Lancey, his voice suddenly becoming soft and pensive "I might as well tell you, Bud, that I'm thinking of settling in this country, anyway. Of course, I don't look at Aragon the way you do—I think you are prejudiced and misjudge him—but ever since I've known Gracia I've—"

"Gracia!" repeated Bud; and then, stirred by some great and unreasoning anger, he rose up and threw down his hat pettishly. "I'd think, Phil," he muttered, "you'd be satisfied with all the other girls in the world without—"

"Now here!" shouted Phil, rising as unreasoningly to his feet, "don't you say another word against that girl, or I'll—"

"Shut your mouth, you little shrimp!" bellowed Bud, wheeling upon him menacingly. "You seem to think you're the only man in the world that—"

"Oh, slush, Bud!" cried Phil in disgust, "you don't mean to tell me you're in love with Gracia too!"

"Who—me?" demanded Hooker, his face suddenly becoming fixed and maskilke, and then he laughed hoarsely in derision and sank down on the bed.

Certainly, of the two of them, he was the more surprised at his sudden outbreak of passion; and yet when the words were spoken he was quick to know that they were true.

Undoubtedly, in his own way, he was in love—but he would never admit it, that he knew, too. So he sank down on the blankets and swore harshly, while De Lancey stared at him in unfeigned surprise.

"Well, then," he went on, taking Bud's answer for granted, "what're you making such a row about? Can't I go to a dance, with a girl without you jumping down my throat?"

"W'y, sure you can!" rumbled Bud, now hot with a new indignation; "but after getting me to go into this deal against my will and swearing me to some damn-fool pledge, the first thing you do is to make friends with Aragon and then make love to his daughter. Is that your idea of helping things along? D'yo think that's the way a pardner ought to act? No, I tell you, it is not!"

"Aw, Bud," protested De Lancey plaintively, "what's the matter with you? Be reasonable, old man; I never meant to hurt your feelings!"

"Hurt my feelings!" echoed Hooker scornfully. "Huh, what are we down here for, anyway—a Sunday school picnic? My feelings are nothing, and they can wait; but we're sitting on a mine that's worth a million dollars mebbe—and it ain't ours, either—and when you throw in with old Aragon and go to making love to his daughter you know you're not doing right! That's all there is to it—you're doing me and Kruger dirt!"

"Well, Bud," said De Lancey with mock gravity, "if that's the way you feel about it I won't do it any more!"

She Gave Me Her Hand and Away We Went.

"I wish you wouldn't," breathed Bud, raising his head from his hands; "it sure wears me out, Phil, worrying about it."

"Well, then, I won't do it," protested Phil sincerely. "So that's settled—now who's going to turn Mexican citizen?"

"Suit yourself," said Bud listlessly.

"I'll match you for it!" proposed De Lancey, diving into his pocket for money.

"Don't need to," responded Bud; "you can do what you please."

"No; I'll match you!" persisted Phil. "That was the agreement—whenever it was an even break we'd let the money talk. Here's your quarter—and if I match you I'll become the Mexican citizen. All set? Let 'er go!"

He flipped the coin into the air and caught it in his hand.

"Heads!" he called, without looking at it. "What you got?"

"Heads!" answered Bud, and Phil chucked his money into the air again and laughed as it dropped into his palm.

"Heads she is again!" he cried, showing the Mexican eagle; "I never did see the time when I couldn't match you, anyway. So now, old socks, you can keep right on being a Texan and hating Mexicans like horny toads, and I'll denounce the Eagle Tail the minute the time is up. And I won't go near the Aragon outfit unless you're with me—is that a go? All right, shake hands on it, pard! I wouldn't quarrel with you for anything!"

"Aw, that's all right," mumbled Bud, rising and holding out his hand. "I knowed you didn't mean nothing." He sat down again after that and gazed drearily out the door.

"Say, Bud," began Phil, his eyes sparkling with amusement, "I've got something to tell you about that dance last night. If I didn't put the crusher on Mr. Feliz Luna and Manuel del Rey! Wow! I sure wished you were there to see me do it!

"This Felix Luna is the son of an old sugar planter down in the hot country somewhere. He got run out by the revoltosos and now he's up here trying to make a winning with Gracia Aragon—uniting two noble families, and all that junk. Well, sir, of all the conceited, swelled-up little squirts you ever saw in your life he's the limit, and yet the old man kind of favors him.

"But this Manuel del Rey is the captain of the rurales around here and a genuine Mexican fire-eater—all buckskin and dóncé mustachios, and smells like chili peppers and garlic—and the two of 'em were having it back and forth as to who got the next dance with Gracia.

"Well, you know how it is at a Mexican dance—everybody is supposed to be introduced to everybody else—and when I saw those two young turkey-cocks talking with their hands and eyebrows and everybody else backing off, I stepped in close and looked at the girl.

"And she's some girl, too, believe me! The biggest brown eyes you ever saw in your life, a complexion like cream, and hair—well, there never was such hair! She was fanning herself real slow, and in the language of the fan that means: 'This don't interest me a bit!' So, just to show her I was wise, I pulled out my handkerchief and dropped it on the floor, and when she saw me she stopped and began to count the ribs in her fan. That was my cue—it meant she wanted to speak with me—so I stepped up and said:

"'Excuse me, senorita, but while the gentlemen talk—and if the senora, your mother, will permit—perhaps we can enjoy a dance?'

"And say, Bud, you should have seen the way she rose to it. The girl is a sport, believe me, and the idea of those two novice chewing the rag while she sat out the dance didn't appeal to her at all. So she gave me her hand and away we went, with all the old ladies talking behind their fans and Manuel del Rey blowing up like a volcano in a bunch of carambas or worse. Gee, it was great, and she could dance like a queen.

"But here's the interesting part of it—what do you think she asked me, after we'd had our little laugh? Well, you don't need to get so grouchy about it—she asked about you!"

"Aw!"

"Yes, she did! So you see what you get for throwing her down!"

"What did she ask?"

"Well, she asked"—here he stopped and laughed—"she asked if you were a cowboy!"

"No!" cried Bud, pleased in spite of himself; "what does she know about cowboys?"

"Oh, she's wise!" declared Phil; "she's been to school twice in Los Angeles and seen the wild west show. Yes, sir, she's just like an American girl and speaks English perfectly. She told me she didn't like the Mexican men—they were too stuck on themselves—and say, Bud, when I told her you were a genuine Texas cowboy, what do you think she said?"

"W'y, I don't know," answered Bud, smiling broadly in anticipation; "what did she say?"

"She said she'd like to know you!"

"She did not!" came back Bud with sudden spirit.

Then he laughed the thought away, a great burden seemed to be lifted from his heart, and he found himself happy again.

CHAPTER X.

To an American, accustomed to getting things done first and talking about it afterward, there is nothing so subtly irritating as the old-world formalism, the polite evasiveness of the Mexicans; and yet, at times, they can speak to the point with the best of us.

For sixty days Don Cipriano Aragon had smiled and smiled and then, suddenly, as the last day of their mining permit passed by and there was no record of a denouncement by Cruz Mendez, he appeared at the Eagle Tail mine with a pistol in his belt and a triumphant sneer on his lips.

Behind him rode four Mexicans, fully armed, and they made no reply to De Lancey's polite "Buenos dias!"

"Take your poor things," burst out Aragon, pointing contemptuously at their tent and beds, "and your low, pelado Mexican—and go! This mine no longer stands in the name of Cruz Mendez, and I want it for myself! No, not a word!" he cried, as De Lancey opened his mouth to explain. "Nothing! Only go!"

"No, senor," said Hooker, dropping his hand to his six-shooter which hung low by his leg and stepping forward, "we will not go!"

"What!" stormed Aragon, "you—"

"Be careful there!" warned Bud, suddenly fixing his eyes on one of the four retainers. "If you touch that gun I'll kill you!"

There was a pause, in which the Mexicans sat frozen to their saddles, and then De Lancey broke the silence.

"You must not think, Senor Aragon," he began, speaking with a certain bitterness, "that you can carry your point like this. My friend here is a Texan, and if your men stir he will kill them. But there is a law in this country for every man—what is it that you want?"

"I want this mining claim," shouted Aragon, "that you have so unjustly taken from me through that scoundrel Mendez! And I want you to step aside, so that I can set up my monuments and take possession of it."

"The Senor Aragon has not been to the agente mineral today," suggested De Lancey suavely. "If he had taken the trouble he would not—"

"Enough!" cried Aragon, still trying to carry it off cavalierly; "I sent my servant to the mining agent yesterday and he reported that the permit had lapsed."

"If he had taken the pains to inquire for new permits, however," returned De Lancey, "he would have found that one has been issued to me. I am now a Mexican citizen, like yourself."

"You!" screamed Aragon, his eyes bulging with astonishment; and then, finding himself tricked, he turned suddenly upon one of his retainers and struck him with his whip.

"Son of a goat!" he stormed. "Pig! Is this the way you obey my orders?"

But though he raved and scolded, he had gone too far, and there was no putting the blame on his servant. In his desire to humiliate the hated gringos he had thrown down all his guards, and even De Lancey saw all too clearly what his intentions in the matter had been.

"No, Senor," Said Hooker, Dropping His Hand to His Six-Shooter.

"Spare your cursing, Senor Aragon," he said, "and after this," he added, "you can save your pretty words, too—for somebody else. We shall remain here and hold our property."

"Ha! You Americanos!" exclaimed Aragon, as he chewed bitterly on his defeat. "You will rob us of everything—even our government. So you are a Mexican citizen, eh? You must value this barren mine very highly to give up the protection of your government. But perhaps you are acquainted with a man named Kruger?" he sneered.

"He would sell his honor any time to defraud a Mexican of his rights, and I doubt not it was he who sent you here. Yes, I have known it from the first—but I will fool him yet!

"So you are a Mexican citizen, Senor De Lancey? Bien, then you shall pay the full price of your citizenship. Before our law you are now no more than that poor pelado, Mendez. You cannot appeal now to your consul at Gadsden—you are only a Mexican! Very well!"

He shrugged his shoulders and smiled significantly.

"No," retorted De Lancey angrily; "you are right—I cannot appeal to my government! But let me tell you something, Senor Mexicano! An American needs no government to protect him—he has his gun, and that is enough!"

"Yes," added Bud, who had caught the drift of the last, "and he has his friends, too; don't forget that!" He strode over toward Aragon and menaced him with a threatening finger.

"If anything happens to my friend," he hissed, "you will have me to whip! And now, senor," he added, speaking in the idiom of the country, "go with God—and do not come back!"

"Pah!" spat back Aragon, his hate for the pushing foreigner showing in every glance; "I will beat you yet! And I pray God the revoltosos come this way, if they take the full half of my cattle—so long as they get you two!"

"Very well," nodded Bud as Aragon and his men turned away, "but be careful you do not send any!"

"Good!" he continued, smiling grimly at the pallid Phil; "now we got him where we want him—out in the open. And I'll just remember them four pelanos he had with him—they're his handy men, the boys with nerve—and don't never let one of 'em catch you out after dark."

De Lancey sat down on a rock and wiped his face.

"Heavens, Bud," he groaned, "I never would have believed it of him—I thought he was on the square. But it just goes to prove the old saying—every Mexican has got a streak of yellow in him somewhere. All you've got to do is to trust him long enough and you'll find it out. Well, we're hop to Mr. Aragon, all right!"

"I never seen one of those polite, palavering Mexicans yet," observed Bud sagely, "that wasn't crooked. And this feller Aragon is mean, to boot. But that's a game," he added, "that two can play at. I don't know how you feel, Phil, but we been kinder creeping and slipping around so long that I'm all cramped up inside. Never suffered more in my life than the last sixty days—being polite to that damn Mexican. Now it's our turn. Are you game?"

"Count me in!" cried De Lancey, rising from his rock. "What's the play?"

"Well, we'll go into town pretty soon," grinned Bud, "and if I run across old Aragon, or any one of them four bad Mexicans, I'm going to make a show. And as for that big brindle dog of his—well, he's sure going to get roped and drug if he don't mend his ways. Come on, let's ketch up our horses and go in for a little time!"

"I'll go you!" agreed Phil with enthusiasm, and half an hour later, each on his favorite horse, they were clattering down the canyon. At the turn of the trail, where it swung into the Aragon lane, Bud took down his rope and smiled in anticipation.

"You go on ahead," he said, shaking out his loop, "and I'll try to put the catgut on Brindle."

"Off like a flash!" answered De Lancey, and, putting the spurs to his fiery bay, he went dashing down the street, scattering chickens and hogs in all directions. Behind came Bud, rolling jovially in his saddle, and as the dogs rushed out after his pardner he twirled his loop once and laid it skillfully across the big brindle's back. But roping dogs is a difficult task at best, and Bud was out of practise. The sudden blow struck Brindle to the ground and the loop came away unfilled. The Texan laughed, shifting in his saddle.

"Come again!" commented Bud, leaning sidewise as he coiled his rope, and as the womenfolk and idlers came rushing to see what had happened he turned Copper Bottom in his tracks and came back like a streak of light.

"Look out, you ugly mau's dog!" he shouted, whirling his rope as he rode; and then, amid a chorus of indignant protests, he chased the yelping Brindle down the lane and through a hole in the fence. Then, with no harm done, he rode back up the street, smiling amiably and looking for more dogs to rope.

In the doo of the store stood Aragon, pale with fury, but Bud appeared not to see him. His eyes were turned rather toward the house where, on the edge of the veranda, Gracia Aragon and her mother stood staring at his antics.

"Good morning to you, ladies!" he saluted, taking off his sombrero with a flourish; "lovely weather, ain't it?" And with his tongue in his cheek and a roguish glance at Aragon, who was struck dumb by this last effrontery, he went rollicking after his pardner, sending back a series of joyous yips.

"Now that sure does me good," he confided to Phil, as they rode down between cottonwoods and struck into the muddy creek. "No sense in it, but it gets something out of my system that has kept me from feeling glad. Did you see me bowing to the ladies? Some class to that bow—no? You want to look out—I got my eye on that gal, and I'm sure a hard one to head. Only thing is, I wouldn't like the old man for a father-in-law the way matters stand between us now."

He laughed boisterously at this witticism, and the little Mexican children, playing among the willows, crouched and lay quiet like rabbits. Along the sides of the rocky hills, where the peons had their mud-and-rock houses, mothers came anxiously to open doors; and as they jogged along up the river the Chinese gardeners, working in each separate nook and eddy of the storm-washed creekbed, stopped grubbing to gaze at them inquiringly.

"Wonder what's the matter with them chinks?" observed Bud, when his happiness had ceased to effervesce; "they sit up like a village of prairie dogs! Whole country seems to be on the rubber neck. Must be something doing."

"That's right," agreed Phil; "did you notice how those peons scattered when I rode down the street? Maybe there's been some insurrectos through. But say—listen!"

He stopped his horse, and in the silence a bugle-call came down the wind from the direction of Fortuna.

"Soldiers!" he said. "Now where did they come from? I was in Fortuna day before yesterday, and—well, look at that!"

From the point of the hill just ahead of them a line of soldiers came into view, marching two abreast, with a mounted officer in the lead.

"Aha!" exclaimed Bud with conviction; "they've started something down below. This is that bunch of federals that we saw drilling up at Agua Negra."

"Yep," admitted De Lancey regretfully; "I guess you're right for once—the open season for rebels has begun."

They drew out of the road and let them pass—a long, double line of shabby infantrymen, still wearing their last year's straw hats and summer uniforms and trudging along in flapping sandals.

In front were two men bearing lanterns, to search out the way by night; slatternly women, the inevitable camp-followers, trotted along at the sides with their bundles and babies; and as the little brown men from Zacatecas, each burdened with his heavy gun and a job lot of belts and packs, shuffled patiently past the Americans, they flashed the whites of their eyes and rumbled a chorus of "Adios!"

"Adios, Americanos!" they called, gazing enviously at their fine horses, and Phil in his turn touched his hat and wished them all Godspeed.

"Poor devils!" he murmured, as the last tottering camp-followers, laden with their burdens, brought up the rear and a white-skinned Spanish officer saluted from his horse; "what do these little pelones know about lib-

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

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### Queer Publication.

Some years ago the following apologetic explanation for a compositor's blunder appeared in a leading weekly literary journal published in London:

"In our last number, as we discovered unfortunately too late for correction, we announced that Mr. John Stuart Mill's inaugural address lately delivered before the University of St. Andrews had since been published by him 'in the form of a five shilling elephant.' Even the most ardent believers in Mr. Mill's powers among our readers will probably have received this announcement with some incredulity. The fact is that by an error of the press the word 'elephant' was substituted for 'pamphlet,' and the mistake, although the proof was read and reread, unluckily escaped the corrector's eye."

### Taking Advice.

"Take a tonic and dismiss from your mind all that tends to worry you," said a physician to a man who was suffering from nervous troubles. Several months afterward the patient received a bill from the physician for three guineas and a note asking him to remit. He answered it thus: "Dear Doctor—I have taken a tonic and your advice. Your bill tends to worry me, so I have dismissed it from my mind." —London Express.

### But Who Tells the Neighbor?

It is only national history that repeats itself. Your private history is repeated by your neighbor.—Woman's Home Companion.

A liar ends by making truth appear the falsehood.—Shenstone.


Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA


## FLOGGED OUT OF THE ARMY.

**Melancholy Fate of "The Whistler at the Plow."**

Among the many pen names of the past "The Whistler at the Plow" was the happiest. It was chosen by Alexander Somerville, long since dead, who wrote the sweetest prose ever penned about the fields and woods and hamlets and the beasts, birds, reptiles and people of Canada.

I glimpsed him once—a stupendous Scot, with long white hair hanging over his shoulders and an expression of supreme sadness on the noble face. But he had the clear blue eye of the Scot—an eye that had an amber glint in it when he was roused.

He was an ex-soldier, but he did not serve out his term of enlistment in the army; neither did he get an honorable discharge.

Alexander Somerville was a private in one of the crack cavalry regiments of Great Britain and Ireland—I think it was the famous Scots Greys, but I am not sure. He must have been a magnificent looking soldier.

At the time of the great Chartist movement in England he was stationed with his regiment somewhere in the Midlands. The Chartists were looked upon as an incipient French revolution. Their meetings were forbidden, coercive measures were undertaken, and things began to look bad. The Chartists—honest, I can't tell you what a Chartist was, but he was, I fancy, an ultra Liberal or Radical of those days—decided to hold a procession. The authorities decided to prevent it, and a bloody clash was billed for the next Sunday.

The Scots Greys were ordered to rough whet their sabers in preparation to resist the mob. A saber so treated breaks bones and tears and bruises the flesh, but it doesn't sink deep. It was a terrible order, and Alexander Somerville, the future "Whistler at the Plow," refused to obey. He could not draw his sword on his fellow countrymen who were demanding liberty.

A corporal's guard seized Private Alexander Somerville. He was tried for insubordination by a court martial and was sentenced to be flogged and then dismissed from the army. He suffered a fearful flogging, with the whole garrison and as many of the citizens as could see looking on—suffered without a cry or a groan—and when the cruel, brutal business—a business that would have made Sitting Bull or Red Cloud miserably ashamed—was over he came out to this free land, a lone, broken and melancholy man, to sing of freedom among the free hills.

Does any one know where is his grave?—Toronto News.

### Laying Bridge Floors.

The most interesting and dangerous looking stage in the construction of a suspension bridge is the building of the floor, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. In this work the builders have nothing to rest their work on and must build out each way from the towers, securing the floor piece by piece to the heavy steel bars suspended from the main cables far above. The work is done with derricks that are equipped with booms long enough to reach out ahead of the finished structure and hold the girders suspended while they are being riveted in place. As each section of the floor is completed the derricks are moved ahead and the construction of the next section is begun.

### He Was the Whole Cabinet.

The record concentration of office into a single hand was achieved by the Duke of Wellington in 1834, when William IV. suddenly parted with his Whig ministers. Sir Robert Peel, who was to form the new ministry, was in Rome, and it took between three and four weeks for the king's messenger to reach him and for him to return, traveling almost continuously night and day. In the meantime Wellington was practically the entire government. He really held the offices only of first lord of the treasury and home secretary, but any one of the secretaries of state can perform the duties of any other or all of them, and this Wellington actually did.—Westminster Gazette.

### The Ambiguous Phonetic.

Phonetic spelling has many recommendations, but if you spell by speech and ear you may print ambiguously. For instance, Mr. Escott, in his "Club Makers and Club Members," gives the history of White's club "till it reached its present proprietor and analyst." Now "annalist" and "analyst" are pronounced alike, but printing would lose in clearness if they were spelled alike. —London Standard.

### Stone Age Love Letters.

"What do you suppose a rejected suitor did in the stone age when a young woman sent back all his love letters?"

"If he was a sensible sort of fellow he probably built a house with them and put another woman in it."—Baltimore Sun.

## LAND OF BROKEN PROMISE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO

erty and justice, or the game that is being played? Wearing the same uniforms that they had when they fought for Diaz, and now they are fighting for Madero. Next year they may be working for Orozco or Huerta or Salazar."

"Sure," muttered Bud; "but that ain't the question. If they's rebels in the hills, where do we get off?"

(To Be Continued.)

## FLOWER FIRE.

**Some Plants Will Emit a Mysterious Radiance at Times.**

The most wonderful—it might almost be said spiritual—attribute of flowers is neither their beauty of color or form nor their fragrance, but, strangely enough, a mysterious radiance that sometimes surrounds them, writes J. Carter Beard. It is strange that this flower fire is so little known and so seldom noticed.

The best time to watch for and to witness the emission of flower fire is just after sunset of a warm day, when the atmosphere is perfectly dry and clear. On the contrary, if the air is dense or the day has been rainy nothing of the kind can be seen. The light emitted from flowers is sometimes continuous, but oftener, perhaps, represents itself in flashes and flickerings like the sparks from a piece of paper that has been electrified. The duration of the light varies according to the state of the atmosphere and the sort of flowers that are under observation.

A daughter of Linnaeus is credited with having been the first, as long ago as 1762, to have observed the luminous emanations. While seated alone in her father's garden on a fine, warm summer night her attention was attracted to a cluster of the common nasturtiums, whose flowers shone with iridescent luster amid the surrounding gloom. Captivated by the charming novelty of the spectacle, she repeated her nocturnal visit to the flowers a number of times and never once failed to witness the gleam of the nasturtiums.

Numerous other flowers, many of which can be found in our gardens, are discovered to be self luminous after exposure to the strong, sustained light of the summer sun, for not only do groups of nasturtiums exhibit the phenomenon, but the corolla of the common sunflower, the dahlia, the tuberose, the yellow lily, and, indeed, a number of blossoms not named here.—Christian Endeavor World.

## A GLIMPSE OF MANCHURIA.

**Its Wind Whipped Natives and Its Empty Brown Wastes.**

Manchuria means an interminable brown plain—dry stubble, endless, empty furrows to be filled by and by with millet, kaoliang, waving, wonderful green plumage, high as a man and higher, in which not many years ago the Japanese hid whole armies.

Today it is the emptiest, most silent spot in Asia. It spreads out flat and tranquil in unthinkable forgetfulness. The sun beats down fiercely out of a deep, unbroken field of turquoise blue. The air is biting cold. A sudden breath of it is like a slap. A great tingling follows and a sense of extraordinary buoyancy. One feels impelled to laugh, to shout, to strike out, to do violent things. To sleep or sit with folded hands would drive one mad. There is that in the air which compels like the lash of a whip.

Over this brown waste, sheltering a million seedlings, trails an endless line of native life—a dull blue, curiously blunt outline—wheelbarrow men with spraddling legs and arms wide outstretched, coolies with bamboo poles slung across their shoulders, innumerable mules, eased like warriors in brass studded bridles and headpieces, donkeys picking little steps with litters on their backs, with wide toppling loads, with native women sitting astride far back upon their tiny haunches.

These Mancho people are a big, bold faced race, with brown skins whipped dull red by the northern winds. Shapeless bundles of them, hoods pulled over ears, stand at the stations and stamp their feet and beat their arms and watch the trains come in. A straggling line of native soldiers in bungling black uniforms, their heads wound tightly in black turbans, a great splash of blood red lettering across their breasts, present arms rigidly, with bayonets fixed, as the train pulls in and draws out.—From "The Color of the East," by Elizabeth Washburn.

### Right in His Line.

Judge (to man arrested for drunkenness)—What is your business? Prisoner—Proofreader, your honor. Judge—Ah, I'll send you to the house of correction!—Boston Transcript.

### Prepared.

"I don't know what would happen if I died suddenly."

"Well, I've got my black silk dress."—Manchester Union.

A man without ambition is like a broken bank—all building and no assets.—Caxton.


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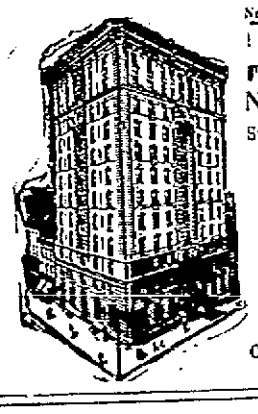

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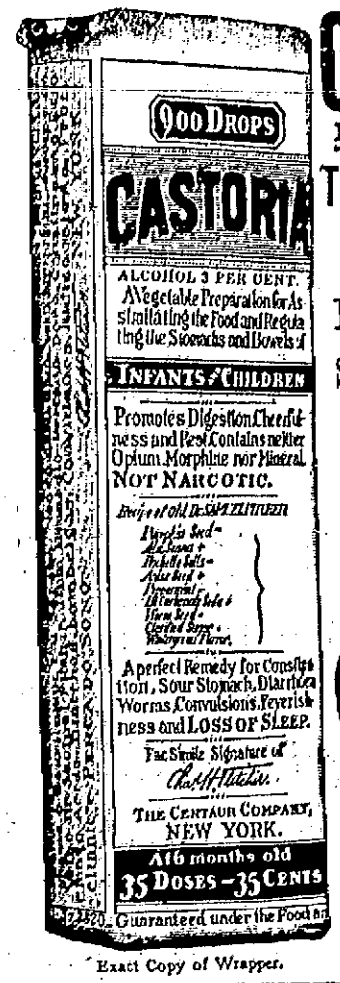


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DIRECTIONS—A wineglassful with each meal and on going to bed, or as may be directed by the Physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste. Children in proportion to age.

Sold by D. W. SHEEHAN,
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From June 15, 1908.

**Prepared, delivered,**

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| 36 bushels, | $4.50 |
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**Common, delivered.**

| | |
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| 36 bushels, | $3 50 |
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**Price at works,**

Prepared, 11c. a bushel, $10 for 100 bushel
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Orders left at the Gas Office, 184 Thames street, or at Gas Works, will be filled promptly.


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# *The Mercury.*

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone 181
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*Saturday, June 27, 1914.*

Both Roosevelts so-called friends and his enemies want him to run for governor of New York, but he says Nay.

The President is mad because someone asked him if the failure of H. B. Claflin & Co. was "psychological."

There is only one thing that can prevent a great Republican land slide this fall, and that is the possible disruption of the party again this fall by Col. Roosevelt and his unwise followers.

Col. Roosevelt is wise. He has an affection of the throat that will prevent him from making speeches this fall. He expects to be well immediately after November 3. Then if the atmosphere has cleared his throat will be all right.

Gen. Charles A. Wilson has resigned as the head of the Republican State Central Committee in this State and Ex-Speaker Joseph P. Burlingame, it is said, is slated for the place. Mr. Burlingame is a man well fitted for the position, and will make an efficient worker for the party.

The United States Treasury officials favor a three-cent coin. The Society for Thrift of Chicago is starting a campaign for a three-cent coin, and a bill providing for the same will be introduced in Congress as soon as there is probability of it being considered. Street car, telephone and slot machine companies are opposed. We see but little need for such a coin.

The price of Aroostook potatoes which had been $1 a barrel, has suddenly jumped to $2, chiefly owing to the increased demand due to the late season in Virginia. The growing Aroostook crop is very satisfactory, and the yield is expected to be as great as in 1913. This ought to indicate a good price for new Rhode Island potatoes when they come into the market.

It is said that the Democratic Senators are on the verge of revolt against President Wilson's dictatorial orders. This may well go under the heading, "Important if true." What a blessing it would be for the country if the Democratic Senators would show a little back bone and tell the schoolmaster in the White House to let business alone for a while and give the country chance to recuperate.

A Paris paper discussing the recent large exports of gold from the United States to Paris, says they have been caused by important sales of American securities in European markets and because European bankers are not willing to accept American securities in payment of American debts. Another paper believes the United States is paying its debts in gold because it is less in need of that metal now owing to the business depression in the United States. It is singular that the whole world will not recognize the fact that the Wilson hard times are merely psychological.

The bull moosers seem to be anything but a happy family. The financial man of the party is George W. Perkins, former partner of J. Pierpont Morgan. Now Gifford Pinchot wants him expelled from the party and has written a scathing article abusing him in the strongest terms; in fact he calls him all the bad names in his vocabulary which is not at all limited for words. He induced the progressives of New Jersey to offer a resolution demanding the expulsion of the Wicked Perkins from the party. It was finally concluded to wait for the great father of the party, the renouned Colonel before taking summary action.

Something new in the history of this nation is the sale of a battleship to a foreign power. Yet the house has agreed to the Senate proposal to sell the battleships Idaho and Mississippi to Greece for twelve million dollars and with that money build one super-dreadnought, which shall be the most powerful ship of War afloat. Turkey protests against the sale, but her protests go unheeded. These two vessels when built a few years ago were considered the finest in the World, now they are pronounced antiquated. The ships of our navy are short lived. Uncle Sam is spending a lot of money to enable him to keep the peace.

All indications point to a large vote in this State this fall. Two more days for registration remain and already the number registered is far in excess of two years ago, which was the largest previous registration. There is much interest centering in the coming election which will be the first in two years.

There is a governor to elect, three members of Congress, all the State ticket and a General Assembly. The Bull Moose party has decided to put a ticket in the field so that this year as two years ago there will be a three cornered fight all along the line. It is now generally understood that Senator Beeckman of this city will be a Republican candidate for governor and that Representative West of Providence will be the Democratic nominee. Who will represent the Bull Moosers is uncertain. Ex-Governor Garvin would not decline the honor.

## The Training of Servants.

It is interesting to read the sucessful efforts of a Danish woman (herself a maid-servant) to minimize the difficulties of training a servant to meet the ordinary requirements of the unfortunate housekeeper of the present day. Marie Christenson was a domestic living with a family in Copenhagen, and did such work as few servants would thing of doing or be asked to do. "From daylight to dark," the girl had a mind of her own, and her intelligence was alive to the fact that in order to better her condition and that of hundreds like herself, a solution could be found only in first consultation, and then, union, on certain subjects. So the discussion was held with the result that a union was formed with three objects. Improvement in wages; fixing of regular hours of work, and, most important of all; raising the status of domestic service. A house was procured and fitted to accommodate 32 resident pupils, who are under her own direction as Superintendent, and her four colleagues.

The meetings of the union were largely devoted to training of ignorant servants by fellow-members more experienced in their duties and now, with a Government grant, and waiting list of applicants to the "Tagskool," the object of Marie Christensen's life is attained. This all sounds charming, but how many young women wishing to go into service in this country would admit that they did not know quite as much as Marie Christensen? or would consent to go anywhere to pay $3 or $4 a month to be taught when they demand wages such as Denmark knows not and are at once insulted when the unfortunate mistress tries to show them the proper way to make soup, cook ordinary vegetables, or sweep a room without first piling up every trifle on bureau and dressing-table upon the bed and then beginning to use a broom vigorously, without even opening the windows!

Of course, the only way out of the absurd condition into which servants have driven the majority of housekeepers is to "raise the standard of service," but how that is to be done is the problem! A plumber, a dressmaker, a carpenter, a hairdresser, a milliner, a butcher, a baker, a nurse, or a shoemaker cannot begin "on their own" until they have had months or years of instruction; but it is quite different with servants, as Miss Christensen would soon find if she came to this side of the water, as ignorance does not debar the claiming of such wages as should only be asked by those who have gone through a probation, and only by the mistresses forming a union themselves can such a delightful state of things as "servants helping to show each other" come to pass. Would it were here now!

## Germany And The Davis Cup.

It was a distinct disappointment to lovers of amateur sport, and especially to those who follow attentively the international competitions for the possession of the Davis cup, to learn that Germany will not send a team of tennis players to this country to play the round for which she was entered in the elimination of a challenger for the trophy now held by the United States. Last year at Nottingham the American players found the German players worthy of their best, and in the match between Otto Froitzheim and the American champion the German once led Maurice McLoughlin two sets to love.

The American player declared upon his return to this country that the German team was an extremely strong set of players and that Froitzheim, who is said to be a favorite protege of the German Emperor, had every quality required for a top-fight man excepting only the physical stamina essential in a long and closely fought match. The brothers Kleinschroth and Friedrich Rahe also are able performers, and their refusal to take part in the preliminary matches made it necessary for Germany to cancel her engagement. English, Australian and French players have been seen on American courts often, but there has been rarely an opportunity for American galleries to witness the German style of play. Boston's comfort must be that the round between Australia and England will be played at Longwood, when Wilding, the world's champion, and Brookes, his old partner, with Parke and H. Roper-Barrett, will be seen in a series of matches that ought to provide thrills in plenty for the tennis fans.—Exchange.

During the first six months of the Underwood-Wilson tariff our foreign trade decreased more than $100,000,000, as compared with the first six months under the Payne law. Our imports since the Underwood law has gone upon the statute books in six months has decreased 37 per cent. Our exports during the same six months under the Underwood law have decreased 31 per cent. This shows how we are capturing the markets of the world under the "new freedom." This shows the result of sharpening our wits in competition with the cheap labor of foreign nations.

George F. Baer, the late president of the Philadelphia & Reading Railway, left personal property worth $8,055,000 and real estate valued at $100,000.

It has been well said that an ounce of common sense is worth a pound of theory. Respectfully referred to the Schoolmaster in the White House.

## "Psychological Conditions."

Speech of the Hon. W. D. Humphrey, of Washington, before the New York County Committee, Murray Hill Lyceum, New York City, June 18, 1914:

The Democratic Party went into power upon the general promise that they would better conditions that had existed in this country under Republican rule. We have had now a little more than six months experience under a Democratic tariff law and the "New Freedom," and what is the result? Here are some of the results.

I compare 1913 and 1912, although during 1913 we had but three months of the Wilson's tariff law, and ten months of Wilson Administration, but even that much is strikingly different in the results.

The bank clearances in 1912 were $4,175,000,000, greater than in 1913.

The number of corporations recorded in 1912, was $713,000,000 more than those recorded in 1913.

On the last day of January, 1913, the United States Steel Corporation had orders for 7,850,000 tons of steel. On January 1, 1914, it had orders for 4,260,000 tons. On the first day of this month it had orders for 3,998,000. What could tell a more distressing story?

Steel is one of the great business barometers of the nation. Today, more than one-third of the steel mills in the entire country are closed.

Today, the steel production in this country is 40 per cent. below normal.

Today, there are $160,000,000, invested in idle steel mills.

Today, there are a million idle men in the iron and steel associated industries, representing a daily payroll of more than $2,000,000.

Today, there are 275,000 miners in this country out of work that in republican times were earning $750,000,000, annually.

Today, there are 241,000 idle freight cars, the largest number in the history of this nation. When the Republican party went out of power there was none.

Today, there are more than 600,000 railroad men out of employment that were receiving more than a million dollars a day in wages when Woodrow Wilson went into the White House.

Today, the wage-earners of this nation are losing more than $5,000,000, every twenty-four hours.

In six months, this Administration has wiped out an annual payroll of more than $800,000,000.

This $5,000,000 each day has been taken from the ordinary channels of trade. This has brought depression and financial ruin to every business and to every section of the country. This $5,000,000 in wages daily taken from the working people of this nation means that the workmen of this country are spending $5,000,000 less each day for bread and clothes and the other necessaries of life than they did a year ago.

There are 800,000 idle men in New York; 200,000 idle men in Chicago; 50,000 idle men in Pittsburgh; 25,000 idle men in San Francisco. We are facing the awful problem of unemployed everywhere. There are more idle men in this nation today than ever before.

Every day we have lost in our foreign trade more than half a million dollars. Every day the nation has gone in debt half a million dollars. Every day the number of unemployed has increased. Every day mills and factories have closed. Every day since this Democratic Administration went into power more than 10,000 men have been forced into idleness. Every day the wage earners of this nation are losing more than $5,000,000.

Every day that Woodrow Wilson has been in the White House the business of this nation has decreased more than twenty million dollars. This is the price of democracy. This is the price that the people pay to have the affairs of this nation controlled by academic doctors and efficiency experts, by gowned theorists and scholarly dreamers, by pedantic pundits and Chautauqua performers, by learned allusionists and grape-juice statesmen.

But we are told that all this is merely psychological. The President has assured the country that what it needs is more legislation. He has assured the country that there is nothing wrong with Democratic Administration, or with democratic laws. The only difficulty is that the business men of the nation are too stupid to appreciate the blessings that have been bestowed upon them. The only remedy proposed is to give them more of what they have already received. The President has served notice on the country that Congress is to be kept in session all summer to enact further legislation that will practically destroy what little business is left.

It may be psychological, but it is a truth that no candid man can deny that every day that Congress stays in session that business grows less. The greatest blessing that this Congress could possibly bestow upon the country would be to adjourn and never meet again. There is this slight consolation, however, that while Congress is in session destroying the business of the country they are also destroying what remains of the now discredited Democratic Party. The businessmen of the nation have appealed in vain to the President to stop further legislation, but his reply has been that they simply imagine that they are being injured.

## PORTSMOUTH.

From our Regular Correspondent

Rev. John Wadsworth is visiting his son, Frank Wadsworth of Winthrop, Maine.

Rev. John Cornell conducted the services at St. Mary's Church on Sunday. Rev. Frederick Goodman is better, but not yet able to resume his duties.

Miss Laura Manchester began her duties in the Newport office of the Bay State Street Railway on Monday.

The big Clydesdale stallion died very suddenly of heart disease at Glen Farm on Wednesday. He was imported from Scotland about two years ago and had been exhibited at horse shows where he had won many prizes. He was about five years old.

India rubber was used for the first time as an easer in 1770, when a very small piece was sold for 3 marks. It was, however, many years later before it was put into general use. Prior to this the crumb of bread was used for erasing purposes.—London Mail.

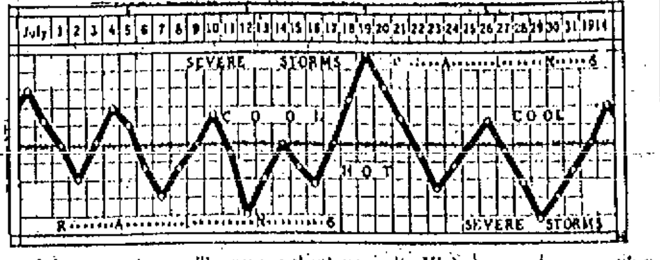
"Your wife is inclined to be jealous, isn't she?"

"Jealous? Why she got mad one evening during that cold snap because I hugged the radiator."

Alice—What! Mr. Worth proposed to you! Everyone says he's a woman-hater.

Katherine—Yes, but I don't seem to be the woman.

## WEATHER BULLETIN.




July temperatures will average about normal. High temperatures, moving eastward, will reach meridian 90 near June 30 after which the trend will be downward till July 15. A very high temperature walve will reach meridian 90 near July 19 and then the trend will be downward till last days of the month.

Rains of July will be the reverse of those of June and precipitation will be from about normal to excessive. Most rains in the cotton states with a gradual decrease of rain to northward. Not much rain in Canada during July.

Severe storms are expected first week of July, dangerous storms second week and July 22 to 31. Light frosts are expected in northern spring wheat sections near July 29 and very cool near July 12.

Treble line represents normal temperatures. Where the temperature line goes above this normal line indicates warmer and where it goes below indicates cooler than usual. Temperature line dates are for Meridian 90. Count one to three days earlier for west of that line and as much later for east of it in proportion to the distance from that line which runs north and south through St. Louis.

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Washington, D. C. June 25, 1914.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent June 27 to July 1, warm wave June 26 to 30, cool wave June 29 to July 3. This disturbance will bring a great hot wave with probability of hot winds in some sections of the great central valleys. Soon after June 20 the showers are expected to become much less frequent and the drouth in middle latitudes will be renewed.

This will be a critical period for the growing crops, particularly corn. In large sections of the middle west the grass and hay crops are failures and now this ten days of drouth, ending with the end of June, threatens to injure corn in the best corn country on earth. But the corn crop will not be ruined; it will pull through and revive the hopes for a great corn crop. That dry ten days will be very favorable to the Winter wheat harvest along and south of latitude 40 but it will damage the cotton crop and advance the market prices of cotton. This disturbance will also bring severe storms and all should watch the locations of the lows or storm centers as they move eastward.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about July 1, cross Pacific slope by close of 2, great central valleys 3 to 5, eastern sections 6. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about July 1, great central valleys 3, eastern sections 5. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about July 4, great central valleys 6, eastern sections 8.

Temperatures of week centering on July 4 will be moderate, rainfall will increase in the cotton states and in sections bordering on latitudes 39 and 40. The increase of rainfall will be greatest where the recent drouth has been most severe and the cotton and corn crops will be much improved by the rains. Sections where the moisture has recently been excessive will get less rain and all growing crops, including Spring wheat, will be benefitted.

These early July rains may be detrimental to Winter wheat that will be in harvest first week in July. From about July 6 to 16 the temperatures will average below normal. Some radical changes in cropweather are expected in July and August. Severe drouths and excessive rains are expected and will be described in next bulletin.

Great disturbances are expected August 1 to 6 and 8 to 14. The earth will pass very close to a straight line between the Sun and Uranus on August 2 and also to a line between the Sun and Jupiter August 9. Other electromagnetic planetary positions near these two dates will add to the force of all kinds of disturbances. Our readers should carefully note the dates and watch the news pages for accounts of disturbances all around the earth.

We expect the forces of all weather events to be increased during those periods and that hurricanes, earthquakes, tornadoes, electric storms, thunder storms, floods, severe heat, severe cold and other extremes will result. Not all in one locality but each in its place. Watch dates and results.

## The Harmless Duello.

(Boston Herald.)

Duelling in France seems to be "on its last legs." In the latest encounter it took half an hour for one of the combatants to have "his nose slit" and receive "a wound in the head about four inches long," and for his adversary to be pricked in the chin, bruised on the right arm and shoulder, on the stomach and on the legs." But much of this was unexpected, seeing that the "affair" followed the strictest rules of up-to-date French duelling, so drawn as to reduce the chances of the combatants injuring each other to their lowest minimum. In former times you could go out to the Bois de Boulogne and skewer your man or shoot him through at short range. Today only two bullets are allowed, with 25 paces carefully stepped out between the living targets.

Now there is a curious suggestion of all this in the large-scale duello. By a convention adopted at the Hague, and now in full force, war is shorn of many of its former barbarities. The causing "superfluous injury" to a soldier, army or people is expressly forbidden, whatever the resources of the attack in arms, projectiles or material may happen to be. An enemy's property cannot be seized or destroyed "unless such destruction or seizure be imperatively demanded by the necessities of war." Undefended towns, villages or buildings must not be attacked or bombarded. It is forbidden to compel the population of an occupied territory to take part in military operations against its own country, and no pressure must be brought to bear upon such population to swear allegiance to the hostile power. More and more the nations are accepting the principle that war must be confined to the actual forces engaged, that neutral commerce must be relieved as far as possible from its operation, and that explosive mines must not be sown along the world's commercial routes. There is even a drift toward the use of "humane" bullets, and the significant claim is being made by the advocates of war that its purpose is not to kill men, but only to disable them. War as a harmless duello is still far off, but the steady growth of restrictions on it is fraught with deep meaning. The effort to make it "humane" looks very much like an admission of its inhumanity, and is a certain presage of its disappearance.

## A Question of Honor.

Among other anecdotes of university life, Dean Hole tells of an occasion when there was some doubt as to the locality of a city mentioned in a Greek text, and the lecturer addressed a youth who had just come up from the famous Shrewsbury school.

"Now, Mr. Bentley, you are a pupil of the great geographer, Dr. Butler, the Atlas of our age, who carries the world not on his shoulders, but in his head, and you can probably enlighten us as to the position of this ancient town."

"I believe, sir," was the prompt reply. "That modern travellers are of the opinion that the city ought to be placed about 10 miles to the southeast of the spot which it now occupies on our map."

After receiving respectful thanks for the information, the informer told Dean Hole as they left the lecture-room that he had never heard of the venerable city before, but that for the honor of Shrewsbury and the reputation of Dr. Butler he felt himself bound to say something.

## Her Kind Offer.

James K. Hackett, the actor, tells the story of a merchant who had been traveling some months and upon his return was informed of the death of a valued friend. A few days later he called on the bereaved widow to offer his expressions of sympathy. During the visit he remarked:

"I was a good friend of your late husband. Is there not something of his which I could have as a memento of him?"

She raised her velvety brown eyes to his, which a few moments before were moist with tears, and said:

"How would I do?"—Lippincott's.

Ragged Rogers—De lady in de next house gave me a piece of home-made cake. Won't you give me something, too?

Mrs. Spiteful—Certainly. I'll get you a pepsin tablet.

WEEKLY ALMANAC, JUNE, 1914

STANDARD TIME.

| | Sun rises | Sun sets | Moon sets | High Morn | Water Eve |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 27 Sat | 4 08 | 7 25 | 10 19 | 10 22 | 10 42 |
| 28 Sun | 4 09 | 7 25 | 10 41 | 11 13 | 11 51 |
| 29 Mon | 4 10 | 7 25 | 11 03 | — | 12 16 |
| 30 Tues | 4 10 | 7 25 | 11 25 | 12 31 | 1 01 |
| 1 Wed | 4 11 | 7 25 | 11 50 | 1 54 | 2 01 |
| 2 Thur | 4 11 | 7 25 | mo'n | 2 58 | 13 20 |
| 3 Fri | 4 12 | 7 25 | 12 15 | 3 55 | 3 57 |

Moon's 1st qr. June 1 9 03m Morning
Full Moon, June 8 12 15m, Morning
Moon's last qr. June 15 9 20m, Morning
New Moon June 23. 10 33m, Morning
Moon's 1st qr. June 30 9 25m, Evening

## *Marriages.*

In this city, 24th inst., by Rev. C. F. Beattie, in St. John's Church, Abbie Devlin and Raymond Judson Magargal.

25th inst., at St. Mary's Church, by Rev. Wm. B Meenan, Joseph P. Egan and Mary C. Sergerson, both of this city.

## *Deaths.*

In Middletown, 21st inst., at the residence of his mother, Mrs. Benjamin T. Anthony, Third Beach road, Milton E. VanAlstyne, aged 22 years.

In North Tiverton, 23d inst., Catherine A., wife of Samuel F. Stuart.

In Providence, 24th inst., Lucy J. Augustus.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding tenements, houses furnished and unfurnished, and farms or sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

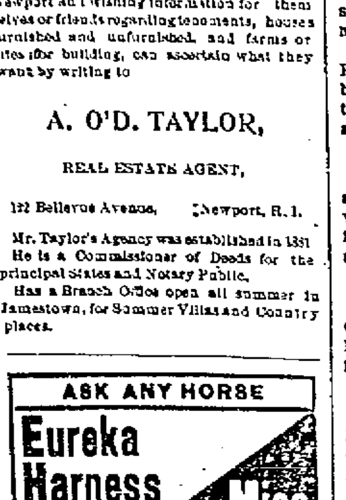
A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

122 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1851. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.




# NEARLY A HUNDRED BODIES RECOVERED

## Many More in Hillcrest Mine May Never Be Found

Government mine experts, who searched for the dead in the mine wrecked at Hillcrest, Alberta, by an explosion, entombing 195 miners, said it was probable the 154 victims still in the mine were buried beneath tons of rock more than 1000 feet from the mouth of the pit and that some of the bodies would never be recovered.

The majority of the ninety-one bodies recovered thus far were burned beyond recognition.

## UNDER BOND OF $5000

### Mrs. Angle Released After Collapsing In Witness Chair

Mrs. Helen M. Angle, held at Stamford, Conn., on a coroner's order, pending inquiry into the death of Waldo R. Ballou, was released in bonds of $5000 by order of Coroner Phelan. Bonds were furnished by her father, Leonard Blondel.

The coroner announced that he expected to examine Mrs. Angle privately as soon as her health would permit. Mrs. Angle was on the stand at the inquest for a few minutes, but refused to answer questions concerning her friendship with Ballou, and finally collapsed, falling out of the witness chair into the arms of her father. As she appeared to be physically exhausted, the inquest was closed.

According to evidence introduced by doctors death was caused by a hemorrhage due to a fracture of the skull. Bruises on the head, face and hands were also found.

Mrs. Angle says Ballou, who has been paying her constant attention for the past three years, died from injuries received by falling down stairs.

## KILLED BY TRAINED LIONS

### Body of Theatrical Man Is Partly Dvoured by the Beasts

Emerson D. Dietrich, manager of a theatrical production presenting a troupe of trained lions, was killed and partly devoured at Chicago by six lions when he entered the car in which they were caged.

While the keepers were trying to recover Dietrich's body from the beasts a lion escaped from an adjoining cage and terrorized residents of the quarter in which the car stood. The escaped lion finally was driven back to its car, having harmed nobody.

A pike pole from the fire department finally was used to withdraw Dietrich's body from the lions, after it had been sprinkled with formaldehyde to drive the animals away.

## CONDEMNED BY PROBE

### Judge Speer's Action on Bench Not What It Should Be

Judge Emery Speer of the United States district court at Macon, Ga., in a report filed with the national house judiciary committee, was severely arraigned for misusing his office, but he was spared any impeachment trial because the committee believed there was not sufficient evidence of wrong-doing to convict him. The committee requested the house to drop the charges.

Representative Volstead of Minnesota, Republican, and minority member of the sub-investigating committee, submitted a separate report, exonerating Speer. Representatives Webb and Fitz-Henry signed the majority report.

## SENT TO INSANE ASYLUM

### Mrs. Folsom, Who Killed Her Husband, Placed Under Observation

Mary H. Folsom, who shot and killed her husband, Henry H. Folsom, chairman of the Somerville, Mass., school committee, near Exeter, N. H., was committed to the state hospital for the insane at Concord.

The court desires observation of her mental condition, after which her case will be dealt with according to the experts' finding, it is expected. Mrs. Folsom is charged with murder in the first degree.

## SALVAGE WORK DROPPED

### Nothing Can Be Removed From Sunken Empress of Ireland

Attempts to recover bodies and mail and other valuables aboard the sunken Empress of Ireland, off Rimouski, P. Q., have been abandoned.

Lieutenant Commander Forbes of H. M. S. Essex declared nothing can be done even when divers work at low tide in slack water. One diver has already been lost in the work.

### Telephone Lineman Killed

Patrick Whyte, 26, an employe of a telephone company, grasped a live wire while working at the top of a fifty-foot pole at Plymouth, Mass., and fell to his death.

### Headache Tablets Kill Ex-Sheriff

Former Sheriff William P. Palmer of Torrington, Conn., was killed by headache tablets, according to a finding by Coroner Herman.

### Two Little Girls Drown

Mabel Hodgins, 11, of Brewer, and Helen Libbey, 11, of Bangor, were drowned while bathing in the Penobscot river at Hampden, Me.

The pavilion of Harrodian's Athletic club at Barnes, Eng., was burned by an arson squad.

Two thousand Christmas packages, which Santa Claus couldn't deliver last December, were sold at auction at the annual sale of the "dead letter" office at Washington.

In the past year the London fire department made 64,831 trips, aggregating 155,755 miles.

# LARGE PART OF SALEM IS SWEPT AWAY

## Property Loss Is Estimated at Twenty Million Dollars

## HUNDREDS OF BUILDINGS ARE QUICKLY LEVELLED

Even the Use of Dynamite Fails In Many Instances to Check Flames, Which Sweep With Relentless Fury Through Manufacturing and Residential Districts—Thousands of People Homeless—Telephone and Electric Light Service Cut Off—Army of Firemen Handicapped by Low Water Pressure—Business Section of City Also Suffers—Militia Told to Shoot Looters

Salem, Mass., is practically devastated by fire. The flames, starting in a factory in the historic Gallows Hill district, consumed a thousand buildings in the manufacturing and residential districts, causing a damage estimated by the city officials at $20,000,000. The fire was placed under control through the combined work of the fire departments of half a score of cities and towns.

Two people are dead and more than 100 injured. Informal martial law enforced by a half dozen companies of militia fully armed was found necessary not only because of general conditions, but by the sporadic arisings of looting in several of the burned sections apparently by an underworld faction which arrived from Boston.

Adjutant General Cole was early on the scene with Governor Walsh. As soon as the looting became apparent orders were issued to shoot at sight and this word was circulated across the city. The drastic effect of this threat, coupled with the sight of the rifles carried by the uniformed militiamen who were pouring into the city all night, was immediately apparent.

The 160 patients in the Salem hospital were removed on cots and stretchers just as the flames reached it.

### Buildings Are Dynamited

The only means of effectively checking the progress of the flames was recourse to dynamite, and scores of buildings were blown up in an endeavor to hem the fire.

In many cases even this desperate act failed, the wind carrying tongues of flame over the ruins of buildings and setting ablaze others across the gap.

Women, many of them crazed at the loss of their possessions, were herded by the police and militia from many cities in groups on the edges of the burning district, and time and again were forced to vacate their refuges as the flames crept nearer. Thousands were rendered homeless, many being left without a dollar and with no prospect of employment, since the factories and tanneries in which they worked were levelled by the flames or destroyed by the dynamite. Hundreds of lost children sought their parents without receiving notice from the crazed sufferers.

The high wind and the inadequacy of the water service were the twin causes of the spread of the flames, the wind driving the fire from building to building, while the firemen could not get sufficient pressure to supply the apparatus from Boston, Lynn, Beverly, Marblehead, Manchester, N. H., and other cities rushed to the doomed city.

### Fire Starts From Explosion

Starting from an explosion in the Korn Leather company's factory at 2 p. m., the fire spread through the shoe and leather district, filled with tanneries and boot shops, swept through the residential district as far south as the Boston and Maine freight sheds and railroad station and then veered east to the water's edge.

While the combined fire-fighting forces were endeavoring to extinguish the principal blaze, two other fires broke out, as a result of the brands carried on the high wind, and burned practically unchecked, laying waste a section of North street and the district surrounding the oil tank of the Standard Oil comany in the extreme northwest of the city.

The burned buildings include the entire plants of scores of companies upon which the majority of the 45,000 inhabitants depended for their livelihoods, the $250,000 St. Joseph's Cathaolic church, only recently dedicated; scores of business houses, the city orphan asylum, sheltering 130 children, and hundreds of residences.

To add to the catastrophe, the plant of the Salem Electric Light company was destroyed and the city was in total darkness save for the glare of the flames, which could be seen for more than a score of miles. The telephone service between Salem and Lynn was broken early in the progress of the fire, cutting off hundreds of residents who had returned to Lynn from Boston in hope of finding the members of their families.

Several relief stations were opened by Mayor Hurley and the city council, while the markets, groceries and bakeries furnished food for the sufferers.

The French chamber of deputies authorized the issue of a loan of $360,-000,000.

Queen Victoria of Sweden is threatened with loss of the sight of her left eye as the result of a cataract.

Loss in the failure of the LaSalle Street Trust and Savings bank, Chicago, may reach $3,000,000, according to the declaration of Attorney General Lucey.

# BIG FIRM FAILS FOR $34,000,000

## Receivers Are Named For H. B. Claflin Company

## FINANCED BIG RETAIL STORES

Unable to Meet Capital Requirements Occasioned by Rapidly Expanding Dry Goods Business—Noteholders' Protective Committee Organized to Look After Interests of Creditors

The great dry goods house of the H. B. Claflin company failed at New York with liabilities estimated at $34,000,000. The assets are estimated at $11,000,000.

Two proceedings—friendly and unfriendly—threw the firm into bankruptcy, and two receivers were named under bonds of $500,000 each.

The Claflin company controls or is affiliated with some thirty retail stores throughout the United States, and it was the indorsement of their paper, held by more than 3000 banks here and in interior cities, that caused the crash.

JOHN CLAFLIN

Unless blocked by creditors a reorganization of the failed firm is contemplated, according to a statement issued by John Claflin, the president.

The following statement was given out at the office of H. B. Claflin company:

"The unprecedented shifting of trade centres in New York has caused great loss to many interests. In the case of the H. B. Claflin company the uptown movement of business has seriously curtailed our wholesale profits and has compelled us to rely mainly on the profits from financing retail stores throughout the country. Their rapidly expanding business has occasioned large capital requirements, which we have not been able to meet.

"A receivership has, therefore, become necessary pending a readjustment of the affairs of the company. A plan of reorganization for the H. B. Claflin company will soon be presented, which we hope will prove acceptable both to creditors and to stockholders.

"The Associated Merchants company and the United Dry Goods companies are not themselves borrowers of money. They are in exceedingly strong financial position and the success of their retail stores is assured."

A noteholders' protective committee has been formed to look after the interests of the creditors. Most of the banks concerned will be represented on this committee.

New York banks are said to have made large advances to the Claflin company recently, with the hope of averting financial embarrassment.

John B. Martindale, president of the Chemical National bank, and Frederick A. Juilliard, a wholesale dry goods merchant, were the receivers appointed. They were named in the friendly proceedings—two suits in equity—one brought by John C. Eames, vice president of the H. B. Claflin company, with a claim of $3668; the other by William P. Odell, with a claim of $5200.

There were also involuntary proceedings which sought the appointment of different receivers and alleged that the company was insolvent. These proceedings were instituted by creditors with claims aggregating $32,000. Their attorneys said they represented other creditors with total claims of about $200,000.

No action on this petition was taken, but officials of the company were subpoenaed by the petitioning creditors to appear on or before July 2 to answer to the suit and show cause why the company should not be adjudged insolvent by the federal court.

Though the failure is perhaps the most important in the history of the dry goods trade in this country, New York bankers predict the chief and perhaps only potent general effect will be a temporary demoralization in the dry goods trade.

### Woman Killed In Runaway Accident

Mrs. Carl H. Blodgett, 23, was instantly killed, her year-old baby was seriously injured, and Harold Knowles was hurt when a horse attached to a carriage in which they were driving ran away after being stung by a bee, on the road between St. Johnsbury and Waterford, Vt.

Held up in a lonely spot in Pittsburg by five highwaymen, William Hailey thrashed the bunch, recovered $2 stolen from him, and then had them arrested.

Edwin Birley, a conductor who has served the Erie railroad fifty years continuously, announced he would retire on June 30.

# VILLA GAINS GREAT TRIUMPH

## Federals at Zacatecas Routed With Terrible Loss

## FOUR THOUSAND ARE KILLED

Two Thousand Wounded and Five Thousand Prisoners Taken—Artillery, Rifles and Trainloads of Ammunition Fall Into Hands of Rebels—News Pleases President Wilson

In the taking of Zacatecas General Villa has scored his greatest triumph. While the stronghold may not be considered General Huerta's "last stand," it was a most important obstacle to the advance of the constitutional army upon Mexico City.

If Villa's figures are to be accepted the victory was most complete. Only remnants of the federal garrison escaped. Out of a force of 14,000 men, 4000 were killed, 2000 wounded and 5000 taken prisoners. The total federal casualties on this basis exceed 70 percent. The rebel losses were placed at 500 killed and 800 wounded.

Apparently after four days of fighting a general assault was made on the defenses of the city. Villa's brief dispatch depicts most vividly the horrors of war. It appears that the principal buildings of the city were mined and as the federals retreated they were blown up, killing and maiming many of the victors.

Twelve pieces of artillery, thousands of rifles and carloads of ammunition fell into the hands of the rebels.

The taking of Zacatecas places the entire northern part of Mexico and much more than half of the republic's territory in the hands of the constitutionalists. It marks another stage in the race of three rival constitutionalist leaders to Mexico City.

Villa from Zacatecas probably will move against Aguas Calientes, almost directly to the south and whence the remnants of the Zacatecas garrison retreated. General Gonzales, the eastern divisional commander, who took Tampico, has been ordered to take San Luis Potosi, now weakened by an almost complete evacuation. General Obregon, commander of the army of the west, is about to attack Guadalajara. If successful his troops would have even a clearer road to the national capital than those of Villa or Gonzales.

Guadalajara, far to the south, and next to Mexico City the largest city in Mexico, affords a roadway to the national capital through a rich country which easily could sustain a large army. Captain Gray, formerly of the English army, is acting in an advisory capacity to Obregon's advance of cavalry, which is commanded by General Blanco, who has been utilizing cavalry as it is used in European and American armies for the first time in the history of Mexican warfare.

The presence of federal garrisons in the west coast ports of Mazatlan and Guaymas is not considered by the constitutionalists as a hindrance to the Mexico City campaign.

Administration officials in Washington make no efforts to conceal their pleasure over the reports of the taking of Zacatecas by Villa. It is admitted that in the view of the administration the victory at Zacatecas increases the importance of villa in the constitutionalist cause.

President Wilson authorized the statement that the Mexican outlook was more promising than it had ever been before. He is confident that the constitutionalist and Huerta envoys will get together, and apparently he depends upon Villa to influence this result. If the Mexicans do agree their decision will give effect to the protocol agreed upon at Niagara Falls Wednesday night.

## STANDS BY PERKINS

Progressives Must Read Roosevelt Out If Chairman Goes

Upon his arrival at New York Theodore Roosevelt vigorously defended George W. Perkins, chairman of the Progressive national executive committee, whose resignation as chairman was demanded recently by Amos Pinchot, who declared that Perkins' affiliation with certain big business interests made him unfit to hold his position.

"When they read Perkins out," said Roosevelt, "they will have to read me out, too."

Roosevelt reiterated that he would not be a candidate for the governorship of New York this fall.

## THE AMERICA LAUNCHED

Curtiss' Latest Creation Is Expected to Fly Across the Atlantic

The flying boat America, in which Lieutenant Porte, R. N., retired, hopes to fly over the Atlantic ocean from St. John's to Plymouth, Eng., was launched at Hammondsport, N. Y. Glenn Curtiss is constructor of the plane.

Miss Katherine Masson, a Hammondsport girl, christened the machine by smashing a bottle of champagne against its front.

### New Head of Exeter Academy

Professor Lewis Perry has been chosen as the eighth principal of Exeter academy to succeed the late Harlan P. Amen, who died last fall.

Chinese cablegrams report devastation by floods involving thousands of lives. The damage to property and crops is estimated at over $5,000,000.

Ole Olsen, a Danish millionaire, has undertaken to finance a new North Pole expedition under the command of Knud Rasmussen.

# GIVES $100,000 TO PAY BAPTIST DEBTS

## Rockefeller's Offer Quickly Clinched at Hub Convention

Spurred by a gift of $100,000 by John D. Rockefeller to the northern Baptist convention, to help in wiping out the debt of more than $276,000 of the three missionary societies, $50,-000 of which gift is contingent on the Baptists raising an equal amount by Jan. 1, one of the most enthusiastic scenes ever seen in a religious gathering took place in Tremont Temple, Boston.

In two hours and fifteen minutes more than $50,000 was raised by the assembly in contributions and pledges from $1 to $1000 from individuals, churches and Baptist organizations in all parts of the United States.

## YALE VARSITY WINS

Big Race on the Thames Almost Results in Dead Heat

Yale varsity defeated Harvard by one foot of distance in the main event of the regatta on the Thames, in the most magnificent race that was ever rowed over the four-mile course. The time was 21 minutes 16 seconds, time was 21 minutes 16 seconds.

The day was not a clean sweep for Yale, however, for in the morning Harvard gathered in the two scheduled races of two miles each between the second varsity eight-oared crews and the freshman eight-oared crews, and at luncheon time Harvard men were making ready for supper parties to celebrate another clean sweep for the men of Cambridge.

## FIRE LOSS OF $400,000

Two Large Commercial Blocks at Manchester Are Destroyed

A fire which threatened to wipe out the retail business district of Manchester, N. H., destroyed two large commercial blocks with a loss of $400,000. Nine firemen were hurt, but all will recover.

The five-story brick building and a three-story annex, occupied by the John B. Varick company, dealers in hardware, photographic supplies and jewelry, and the store and warehouse of R. G. Sullivan's cigar factory were destroyed. The cause of the fire, which started in the Varick establishment, has not been determined.

## DENIES SETTING FIRE

Owner of House Where Nine Lives Were Lost Pleads Not Guilty

Peter Topolian, proprietor of an Armenian lodging house at Milford, Mass., which was burned with a loss of nine lives June 15, pleaded not guilty to a charge of setting the fire with intent to defraud an insurance company.

At the request of counsel, Topolian's bail was reduced from $10,000 to $3000, which was furnished, and the case was continued until July 7.

Eighty men were asleep in the building when the fire started, and half of them were hurt.

## TO SUCCEED MANSFIELD

Murray Is Named by President to Be Postmaster at Boston

Representative William F. Murray was nominated by President Wilson to be postmaster at Boston to succeed Edward O. Mansfield, a Republican.

Murray is 32 years old. He graduated from Harvard in 1901, from the Harvard law school later, was elected to the Boston common council in 1904 and 1905, to the Massachusetts legislature in 1907 and 1908, to the Massachusetts executive council in 1910, and to the Sixty-Second congress.

### Held on Murder Charge

Alden Boulier was held at Caribou, Me., without bail for the November term of the supreme court when arraigned on the charge of murdering Miss Emma Jensen. He pleaded not guilty to the charge.

## NEW ENGLAND GLEANINGS

South Berwick, Me., celebrated the centennial anniversary of its incorporation as a town.

Charles Wilkins, 12, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., was drowned while in swimming.

Ralph P. Plaisted, judge of the Bangor, Me., municipal court, was drowned in the Penobscot river by the capsizing of his canoe in an eddy.

Captain Mark Ingraham, 90, the last of six brothers who became famous as commanders of coasting vessels and steamboats, died at Rockland, Me.

James T. Decker, a fisherman, was drowned at Boothbay Harbor.

After surviving the perils of the Titanic disaster, Adam Segmart was drowned at Middletown, Conn., while wading.

The body of Joseph McGarity, 61, was taken from a pond at Woburn, Mass. It is believed McGarity walked into the pond while asleep.

Mrs George Westinghouse, widow of the inventor and manufacturer, died at her 600-acre estate at Lenox, Mass., aged 70.

Dennis G. Powell, 5, was overcome by heart trouble and died while in bathing at the West End beach, Portland, Me.

The body of Mrs. Sarah F. Frost, 83, a widow, was found in the Mystic river at Malden, Mass. She had suffered from nervous trouble.

Mrs. Alice Howard, widow of Bronson Howard, the American playwright, died at London.

General Velez, Argentine minister of war, resigned his portfolio.

Liabilities of over $1,100,000 were shown in schedules of Harry B. Hollins, bankrupt, of Wall street, New York.


NEWPORT BEACH.

Dancing Every Afternoon & Evening

FORDON AND SIMS IN EXHIBITION DANCES AT BOTH SESSIONS.

Admission Afternoons 10c.

Evenings, Gentlemen 25c., Ladies 15c.

Arrangements can be made with Mr. Fordon for private lessons.

SHORE DINNERS DAILY

From noon to 8.30

NEWPORT BEACH.



Where Does the Money Go?

After you have earned your money, doesn't it follow that you should know where it goes?

In making up your check, the stub which remains in the book can be made to show just what that money was spent for. So, by going through your check stubs, you know just where your money goes and what for.

Now, why not place the management of your household on this business basis? We are confident you will be well pleased with the results.

NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY,

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.



Chafing Dishes

| With an ALCOHOL LAMP | With ELECTRICITY |
| --- | --- |
| you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top. | you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe. |

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today.

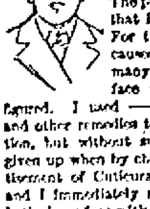
BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.


"How did you make your fortune?" "By horse-racing." "Not betting?" "No; I started a pawn shop just outside the racecourse for the people who wanted to get home when the races were over."—Cardiff Mail.


BADLY DISFIGURED WITH PIMPLES

Face a Mass. Ashamed to Show Himself Scratched Them Raw, Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured in Less Than a Week.

131 Mystic St., Arlington, Mass.—"There were pimples on my face the size of bird shot. They were dark red with a white head in the center. My face was such a mass of pimples I was ashamed to show myself in society. The pimples itched so much that I scratched them raw. For two months they had caused me much pain and many sleepless nights. My face was very badly disfigured. I used ——, ——, ——, and other remedies too numerous to mention, but without success. I had about given up when by chance I saw the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I immediately sent for a sample. I bathed my face with hot water and washed it thoroughly with Cuticura Soap and then applied the Cuticura Ointment. After the first application I felt relief, so I bought some Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in less than a week I was completely cured." (Signed) Wm. N. Gamester, Dec. 11, 1912.



Cuticura Soap and Ointment do so much for pimples, blackheads, red, rough skins, itching, scaly scalps, dandruff, dry, thin and falling hair, chapped hands and shapeless nails, that it is almost criminal not to use them. Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.



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STATE COLLEGE.

FOUR-YEAR COURSES (B. S. Degree) in

Agriculture
Engineering
Home Economics
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SHORT COURSES (for students eighteen years of age and over) in

Agriculture
Home Economics

Standard entrance requirements for degree courses. No tuition to residents of the State. Board and room at cost.

New Science Hall in use this year. Write for catalogue and illustrated booklet or visit the college at Kingston. Nineteen trains daily.

A great opportunity for the young men and young women of Rhode Island.

Address REGISTRAR, Kingston, R. I.

8-15-14



Notice Automobilists

Commencing June 1st, the office of the State Board of Public Roads Automobile Department, State House, Providence, R. I., will be open for business between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., Saturdays excepted, until further notice.

STATE BOARD OF PUBLIC ROADS

AUTOMOBILE DEPARTMENT.

GEORGE H. WELLINGTON, Clerk.



SITUATION WANTED by gardener. (Private place.) First class references. Five years in Rhode Island. Age 31, married, one child. Abstainer. Twenty years extensive experience. Fruit and flowers, hardy and uncler glass. Vegetables etc.

Address S. W. S. Box 1 Peace Dale

# SUBMARINE CRAFT

## They Surpass All Warships In Concentrated Deadly Power.

## A DIVE UNDER THE SURFACE.

**The Terrifying Sensation and the Agony of Roaring Noises That Bewilder the Novice as the Vessel Goes Down Into the Depths of the Sea.**

In waters where the United States maintains a naval station you may happen to see a tall staff cutting through the water as though borne by some unseen hand beneath the surface. On the top of the staff is a slight bent hood pointed in the direction of motion. This is the eye of a submarine.

From the lens in the front of the hood a picture of the whole seascape is carried down by a succession of mirrors in the hollow staff until it is thrown on a prismatic lens at the bottom. Here the navigator of the submarine watches a moving picture of what is going on above the surface of the water and guides his boat accordingly.

We said boat advisedly, because it is really a vessel for the transportation of human beings at sea. It is, moreover, more than a floating craft, swimming on the surface like a swan. It is also a diver, darting down into the depths like a fish.

Let yourself be shut up in it and dive with it and it seems more like a tightly corked bottle. Your first sensation as the boat starts downward is that you have foolishly allowed yourself to be shut up in a death trap from which there is no escape. Your heart sinks faster than the boat.

And then something happens to make you forget everything but that this craft is a hellish contrivance for destroying your hearing. As the submarine dips under the surface and all outlet for sound is cut off by the sealing waters the rush of the sea around the steel walls becomes the rattle of spring hail on a tin roof. You remember that old and painful swimming hole experiment when you held your head under water and let a playmate strike two stones together. But here the assault on your eardrums is as though a million stones were striking together. A pebble falling through the waters on the steel hull sets the inside clanging like a Chinese temple full of jangling gongs. You must shout to be heard.

Through the roar from the vibrations of the steel shell come the insistent crackling hum of electric motors, the rattling fire of gasoline engines, the whir of machinery and the barking cough of exhausts. Your craft seems to be nothing but an elliptical mass of concentrated noise sinking through the sea. You fear that it will blow up from its own vibrations.

When you have in a measure controlled your protesting ears you look around and see a wonderful array of engines, machinery, deadly torpedoes lashed together in pairs and the steel tubes from which they are projected with compressed air all stowed away in the least possible space.

The double walls surrounding you are themselves huge ballast tanks, which can be filled with water through valves opening into the sea outside or can be emptied by the force of compressed air from within. As these tanks are filled the hull of the submarine sinks until only the periscope, the elevated eye of the vessel, shows above the water. When the water is forced out of them the boat becomes light and rises to the surface until its conning tower, superstructure and the upper part of the hull are exposed. Then the craft is navigated like any other boat.

When the vessel is submerged the navigator at the lower end of the periscope has a far more intricate task than the steering of an ordinary boat. The periscope, of course, brings him a limited view of the sea about. Then he must steer in two planes instead of one. His craft turns not only to the right or left, but also up or down.

To enable the vessel to stay under the water a longer time than usual the submarine carries a reserve supply of air. This emergency supply is compressed in a steel flask under the enormous pressure of 2,000 pounds to the square inch. Should the flask burst the explosion would wreck the boat. Perhaps a better idea of the tremendous concentration implied by this pressure may be gained from the statement that if this storage cylinder were punctured with a hole no bigger than a needle and if the tiny jet of escaping air were to strike a man it would pierce him through and through like a bullet and even drive a hole through an inch thick board behind him.

For ordinary purposes the air supply used under water is carried in ordinary cylinders at much smaller pressures. Unusual precautions have to be taken to prevent the contamination of the air supply by gases from the storage batteries and from the gasoline motors.

Concentration epitomizes the submarine. Its energies and utilities are packed in like the parts of a puzzle, and in the concentration of deadly power it surpasses any other weapon of man.—San Francisco Chronicle.

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Passion is out of place in any discussion and more than ever in a right cause, for it befogs and bemuddles it.—Gogol.

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**The Real Scrap.**

Two muscular individuals were hammering at each other in the ring.

"Horrible!" ejaculated a tender hearted spectator.

"Horrible nothing!" said a regular patron. "If you want to see a real scrap get next to them when they divide the purse."—Philadelphia Ledger.

# EATING IN BERLIN.

**A Humorist's View of the Native's Wonderful Appetites.**

The average Berliner has a double chin running all the way around and four rolls of fat on the back of his neck, all closely clipped and shaved, so as to bring out their full beauty and symmetry, and he has a figure that makes him look as though an earthquake had shaken loose everything on the top floor and it had all fallen through into his dining room.

Your true Berliner eats his regular daily meals, four in number and all large ones, and in between times he now and then gathers a bite. For instance, about 10 o'clock in the morning he knocks off for an hour and has a few cups of hard boiled coffee and some sweet, sticky pastry with whipped cream on it.

Then about 4 o'clock in the afternoon he browses a bit, just to keep up his appetite for dinner. This, though, is but a snack—say a school of Bismarck herring and a kraut pie, some more coffee and more cake and one thing and another—merely a preliminary to the real food, which will be coming along a little later on.

Between acts at the theater he excuses himself and goes out and prepares his stomach for supper, which will follow at 11 o'clock, by drinking two or three steins of thick Munich beer and nibbling on such small titbits as a few links of German sausage or the upper half of a raw Westphalia ham.

There are forty-seven distinct and separate varieties of German sausage, and three of them are edible, but the Westphalia ham, in my judgment, is greatly overrated. It is pronounced Westfaliere, with the accent on the last part, where it belongs.

In Germany, however, there is a pheasant agreeably smothered in young cabbage, which is delicious and in season plentiful. The only drawback to complete enjoyment of this dish is that the grasping and avaricious German restaurant keeper has the confounded nerve to charge you, in our money, 40 cents for a whole pheasant and half a peck of cabbage—any enough to furnish a full meal for two tolerably hungry adults and a child.—Irvin S. Cobb in Saturday Evening Post.

# HE WANTED A JOB.

**The Red Bearded Sailor Who Insisted That He Could Sing.**

One day many years ago, when Billy Emerson was in his heyday and all San Francisco was at his feet, he was accosted by a sailor with a long red beard. The sailor said that he could sing and wanted a job.

"I have no opening," said Emerson.

The tar, however, was obdurate and several times during the day importuned Emerson to give him a chance. To get away from his tormentor Emerson was compelled to go to his hotel.

Near the theater was a saloon where the minstrel boys were wont to congregate after a show. It was of the usual kind, with a room in the rear, with a piano and a piano player. Into this room, when the performance was over, went the sailor and asked the man at the piano if he would change places with him and allow him (the sailor) to play in his place. The musician acquiesced.

The performers trooped to the front of the saloon, and soon there came from the rear room the strains of "Sally In Our Alley," sung as only one man in the world could sing it.

"Boys," said Emerson, "that's Tom Dixon."

A rush was made for the rear, where it transpired that the "sailor" was none other than the great minstrel tenor. He had gone to Australia with a company. It disbanded, and he worked his way home as an ordinary seaman, during which time he grew the long red whiskers.

Did he get the job with Emerson? You didn't know Billy or you would never have asked that.—Edward Le Roy Rice in Chicago Journal.

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**Not American at All.**

A certain type of story—that having the sudden conclusion, such as "Willie Jones fired a cannon yesterday; the funeral will be tomorrow"—has been claimed as purely American in its origin. But, as a matter of fact, this kind of story is older than America itself. If you will turn to 11 Chronicles, xvi. 12, 13, you will find these words:

"And Asa in the thirty-ninth year of his reign was diseased in his feet until his disease was exceeding great, yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers."—Ladies' Home Journal.

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**Wants to Get Even.**

Some day, when our bank account gets even lower than it is now, we are going to try to arrange to take a year's leave of absence and spend it with our wife's relatives, staying about half as long with each of them as each of them usually stays with us.—Ohio State Journal.

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**Not Quite.**

"I sleep with your letters under my pillow," the modern lover wrote.

Then he yawned and muttered to himself:

"At least I go to sleep over the letters. I suppose it's the same thing."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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**Made It Short.**

Newedd—What's wrong with this pie crust? It doesn't half cover the pie. Mrs. Newedd—Why, dearest, I asked your mother all about how to make them to suit you, and she said to make the crust very short.—Boston Transcript.

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**Precept and Practice.**

"What's the matter with your wife?"

"She has fretted herself into a sick headache over her paper for the Don't Worry club."—Baltimore American.

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One shriek of hate would jar all the hymns of heaven.—Tennyson.

# MONEY AND A MAID

## And a Financial Deal That Had a Curious Climax.

## AN EXPERIMENT IN SAVING.

**It Looked as Though the Plan Proposed by Papa Was Doomed to Failure, but the Little Lassie Had a Big Surprise For Her Fond Parent.**

It is not necessary to mention her name, but it is of interest to note that she is the daughter of one of "the first families of Virginia," and one characteristic of these same first families is apt to be an utter carelessness of that which pays for your daily bread and mine and which keeps us all out of the poorhouse—money.

She was just rising eleven, this little maid, two years ago when her father first noted her lack of interest in things financial. Starting as a barefoot boy because of the prodigality of his progenitors, he had drifted north, worked for a scant living at whatever he could get to do, developed an aptitude, studied, worked and climbed until at last he found himself a success and was able to spend about $10,000 a year for the maintenance of himself and the wife and child he had accumulated. Then said the wise papa to himself, remembering his days of poverty and stress, "I must teach her to save."

He tried several plans, all of which failed to have any good effect. Just a year ago he hit upon a scheme which seemed to have merit.

"Here, Boots," he said, "I want to make a proposition to you. This is what I propose: I will give you a brand new dollar bill every Saturday night, and I will write the date upon each one. At the end of the year I want you to show me how many of those actual dollar bills you have, and for every one you can show me I will give you two. Do you think you can make money that way?"

The child thought she could and repeated the conditions as well as her mind grasped them, but her father thought she did not get them accurately.

"Wait," he said; "I'll write it out so that there cannot be any error."

So he wrote:

"I will give you a new one dollar bill every Saturday night. I will write the date on each one as I give it to you. For every such bill that you can show me at the end of the year I will give you two others." Then he signed it.

There was a dearth of childish funds for awhile in that household and not a few efforts on the part of the daughter to extort money from her mother, who was wise and refused accommodation. But some way, it did not then transpire how, the little girl dug herself out of penury and into comparative affluence and that without meaning to exercise guile. She seemed to have money in her purse and was quite able to hold up her end at the soda fountain or wherever else her little friends gathered, and her parents, who said nothing at all about it to her, wondered and speculated, finally agreeing that Boots was spending at least a large part of her allowance.

The dollar bill came every week, duly inscribed with the date of the gift, and was accepted by the little maiden with appropriate thanks. Then came the Christmas holidays, and the parents wondered if she would save her money or remember them. She remembered them, but not with much expenditure. Then came the last of the fiscal year, and the father inscribed another note and turned it over to her.

"Now, Boots," he said, "I have given you fifty-two of these, and I promised you two for every one you could show me at the end of the year. How many have you?"

"I'll get them for you," said the innocent child and ran away.

The old folks had a laugh between themselves while she was gone, thinking that she would exhibit two or three bills and fully believing that the experiment had failed. Then in came the daughter. She laid a sheaf of bills down before her father.

He counted them—fifty-two! All unused and bearing his indorsement of the date of gift. Among them was the agreement written by her father.

"Now, how much do you owe me?" she asked.

"I reckon I owe you $104," he said, "but I cannot see how you managed to save every one of these bills and yet had all the money you have spent."

"Well, pop," she answered, "it's this way. I told Joe one time that I couldn't spend any money, although I had it, and he asked me why. I told him and showed him what you had written. Then he made me what you call a proposition.

"He has an allowance of $2 a week. He said he would give me 70 cents a week if I would keep all the bills and give them to him at the end of the year after showing them to you. It's a perfectly fair agreement. I have had my 70 cents a week, I show the bills, you give me $104 and I turn over to him the $52. He makes $15.60, and I make $104. And I don't have to be poor or broke."

Now, what would you do with a child like that?—Detroit Free Press.

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Let those who would affect singularity with success first determine to be very virtuous, and they will be sure to be very singular.—Walter Colton.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

# HUSBANDS IN WILLESDEN.

**They Mind the Babies at Home While the Wives Go Out to Work.**

Willesden is a perfect paradise for a certain type of husband. There is no need for him to go out to work; his wife will see to that. All he need do is stay at home and mind the baby. He has a job for life and practically nothing to do.

The Gilbertian arrangement is due to the peculiar industrial conditions of Willesden, where there are many laundries and factories and female labor is much in demand. Although it is cheaper than male labor would be at the same class of work, the wages are good, considering that only five days a week are worked in the laundries, the women not being required on Mondays. As much as from 20 to 30 shillings a week can be earned, £1 being a common wage, even for girls.

Consequently the women rule the industrial world of Willesden. The positions of man and wife are reversed. There is no need for the man to go to work. Not only would he be unsuitable for the job, but the labor and the wages would not suit him.

Therefore a working girl, when she has saved sufficient money and thinks of marrying, looks around to find an eligible man, whom it would be her duty to keep in after life. He must know how to bathe, dress and feed a baby; how to amuse it and what to do when it has convulsions other than rolling it on the floor or slapping it on the back. If he can do all this the girl proposes, is accepted (if she is strong enough to work), and the knot is tied.

When the children grow up they are packed off to the laundries or to one of the biscuit, incandescent mantle or cedar pencil factories that abound in the neighborhood, and their wages go to swell the family income. As for father, he continues his congenial task of warming the baby's milk and performing other little duties. — London Cor. Philadelphia Ledger.

# HIDING THE JOKER NUGGET.

**An Incident of the Early Australian Gold Diggings.**

Among the rich finds in the Australian gold diggings the Joker nugget ranks among the chief. It turned the scale at thirty ounces and was sold for $600. In size and shape it resembled a man's hand, thick at the wrist part and tapering off toward the fingers.

The claim had been a good one from the first, and the owner did not have to work hard. One day he was reclining full length idly searching for nuggets when he caught sight of the Joker. He at once covered it with his hand and sat up, rather wondering how he would secure the treasure without being seen. If the find became known every man in the field would tramp to the spot and invade his claim and so prevent his working.

A man in an adjoining claim looked up. "Found anything?" he asked. "No. Seen the color; that's all. Pitch my coat over to me, will you? It's lying near there. I want a smoke." "Here you are, mate. But what's the matter? You look pale. Don't you feel right?" "I'm all right, only the sun is a bit hot."

He was struggling with an insane desire to laugh, but he got his coat over the nugget and seated himself on the top of it. Then laughter overpowered him, and he became hysterical. Those about him wondered, but thought the sun had affected him.

In a little while he gained his composure and decided to go to his tent. In lifting his coat he managed to take up the lump of gold, and no one knew that he had found anything. It was not until ten days had passed that the fact was noised abroad, and even then few knew the claim whence the Joker came.

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**Carlyle and Ceremony.**

Thomas Carlyle and his wife were so wedding frightened that it is said to think of it. Replying to a letter of his describing his fantastic terrors, she wrote: "For heaven's sake get into a more benignant humor or the incident will not only wear a very original aspect, but likewise a very heart breaking one. I see not how I am to go through with it."—T. P.'s Weekly, London.

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**Isle of Man's Busy Governor.**

For plurality in office the palm must go to the governor of the Isle of Man. According to Spencer Walpole's account of the "Island of Home Rule," the governor is chancellor, president of the common law courts, president of the council, president of the Tynwald court and, in addition, acts as his own prime minister, home secretary and head of the treasury.—London Chronicle.

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**A Case of Dropsy.**

She—Do you know it is dangerous to use some words carelessly? Thus, if you were to drop the first letter in music it would make you sick. He—Yes, and if soldiers in battle were to drop the first letter in griddled they'd get riddled.—Buffalo Express.

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**On the Way.**

"Why doesn't that dachshund come when I call him? The idea of sulking on me!"

"He's coming as fast as he can," said the man's wife. "He's got his front legs started."—Washington Herald.

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**Considerable Opening.**

"What a dear little mouth Peggy has."

"Yes; her last dental bill amounted to $87.50."—Boston Transcript.

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**Beyond the Horizon.**

Owens (nonchalantly)—Oh, that account? I had completely lost sight of it. Tailor (dryly)—Shouldn't wonder, sir. It's been running for a long time. —Boston Transcript.

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**Statistics.**

Professor—Now, have I proved anything to you by these statistics? Student—Yes, professor, you have proved to me that statistics are a lore.—Yonkers Statesman.

# EUROPEAN POLICEMEN.

**Clever In London, "Sloppy" In Paris and Polite In Berlin.**

In humor, in urbanity, as in perfect control of his district, the London policeman is the nearest approach to perfection, writes Percival Pollard, who in "Vagabond Journeys" has a word to say of the various policemen of the world. He adds that in looks only our American policemen equal those of London.

To the stranger the policeman seems the politest of all Londoners. Chiefly, however, it is in his control of traffic awheel and afoot, that he is unrivaled. When you consider the narrowness of the streets you constantly marvel at the easy skill with which he solves his problem.

The Paris policeman never looks anything but "sloppy," and his notion of controlling traffic at crowded street crossings is enough to make the observer shout with laughter. No one minds him, and his attempts to regulate the speed of the Parisian cabby only result in a slanging match. Observation of Parisian street traffic is all that is really necessary to impress you with the belief that in case of need the Paris policeman would always, with much noise and melodrama, arrest the wrong person.

The police of Berlin are vastly better than those of Paris. They do not look as well, according to our notions, as the English "constables," but they are fairly smart. The men are polite, control traffic inexorably and see to it that Berlin is one of the cleanest and most orderly of cities. But as reasoning individuals the Berlin policemen are hardly to be counted at all. When anything happens to you more serious than crossing a congested street or losing your way you are fairly certain of running hard against a city ordinance, mechanically enforced by the man on the beat.

No argument or persuasion prevails. There is the regulation, and here the instrument to enforce it. The human element is entirely absent. Both Italy and France are as to their police more human.

# THE GOLD TEST.

**Its Use In Diagnosing Diseases of the Brain and Nerves.**

Like the weird remedies and tests of medicine in the middle ages are some of the latest means science has devised to detect and classify forms of insanity and brain affections. Salts of gold in solution, drops of spinal fluid, bits of the tissue from the covering of a normal person's brain and various other similar materials are the means employed.

The gold test, for instance, is used to prove definitely the existence of paresis, meningitis and several other forms of nervous diseases, though in practice it is used mostly as corroborative proof rather than the only proof. Solutions of salt of gold of carefully graduated strength are put into test tubes, with the weakest solutions at one end of the row grading up to the strongest at the other end.

Fluid from the spinal column of the person who is being examined is then dropped into the tubes. The presence of certain kinds of brain or nervous trouble is then indicated by the colors produced in some of the tubes. The particular color produced and the strength of the solution that shows the color strongest give the clew to the kind of disease.

Another peculiar test for certain other kinds of brain trouble is to take a drop of blood from the person examined and place in it a prepared solution from a tiny particle of brain covering of a normal person. Epilepsy causes an easily detected reaction on the combined solution, while other brain disturbances are detected by a similar process, using other materials in the same way.—Saturday Evening Post.

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**Being Lucid.**

If you wish to achieve a reputation for originality and distinction try being lucid. There is nothing quite like it: "Permit me to thank you for your lucid exposition of" — it matters not what the subject.

What is it to be lucid? It is to write something which the man who compliments you because you have been lucid about it agrees with. No one who disagrees with you ever called you lucid. No woman ever referred to her husband as a lucid husband. No man ever called his wife a lucid wife.—Life.

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**Something Explained.**

Church—What do you think! This paper says that women spend 90 per cent of $10,000,000,000 annually in the United States for food, clothing and shelter. Gotham—Now do you wonder what becomes of your pay envelope?—Yonkers Statesman.

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**One on the Teacher.**

Esther, returning from her first day at school, was asked by her mother, "How do you like school?"

"Oh, school is very nice, but I don't think my teacher knows very much. She could not read my writing."—Indianapolis News.

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**After Thirty.**

"I never saw my daughter economical but once."

"How did that happen?"

"She was buying candles for her birthday cake."—Pittsburgh Post.

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**A Zoological Break.**

Teacher—Tommy, what is a boomerang? Tommy—I can't describe it exactly, but I know it has a short tail and can climb trees.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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**Another Delusion.**

"Why is it that a man generally saves more money after he is married than he did before?"

"He doesn't. He merely thinks he does because he is getting along without so many things that he formerly had."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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Don't throw away your old shoes till you've got new ones.—Dutch Proverb.

# JAPANESE MONEY.

**Yens, Sens and Rins Complete Their Simple Currency System.**

The Japanese currency system is very simple and is based upon a gold basis. The unit of value is a yen. This equals 50 cents in gold, according to our United States values. One yen is divided into 100 sen. Each of the latter is worth just one half of an American cent. The Japanese sen is the equivalent of 10 rin, and the smallest Japanese coin consists of a five rin piece, the equivalent of one-quarter of an American penny.

The currency media is composed of paper notes, silver, nickel and copper. The Japs have their paper money in one, five, ten yen notes and upward. The silver money comes in ten, twenty and fifty sen pieces. The smallest nickel piece is valued at 5 sen. Then come the copper coins. These are valued at 2 sen, 1 sen and 5 rin.

This is the substance of the entire currency system in Japan when you step into a money changer's to procure the coin of the realm. But you do not always obtain the equivalent in values for your American currency. The various seaport towns swarm with Chinese money changers. These Mongolian financiers deduct a rebate of from 1 to 2 per cent for every $10 in American money exchanged. When you travel in the interior localities of Japan, away from the beaten track of tourist traffic, you will be compelled to pay even a higher rate of exchange, as the Jap merchants refuse to accept foreign coin in exchange for their wares unless they are easily accessible to some nearby seaport town.

The Jap nickel, or five sen piece, will buy five or six times as much for a Jap in his own country as the same value of currency would buy for an American home in the United States. The simplicity of the native currency system goes hand in hand with the frugality and the wise economies of these quaint, native little people.—Philadelphia North American.

# HER MISSING NECKLACE.

**Saint-Hilaire Finally Awoke and Restored It to His Wife.**

The innocent ignorance of much engrossed men of science as to ordinary matters is illustrated by an amusing anecdote of Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire the younger. Saint-Hilaire was accustomed to bury himself in his laboratory, where he did not allow the affairs of his household to disturb him, and Mme. Saint-Hilaire was careful to guard him against all worry of domestic matters.

In his laboratory he was accustomed, being a naturalist, to have various strange animals, after the fashion of Rosselli. Of these a monkey was his favorite. His wife possessed a necklace of diamonds, of which she was naturally proud. One day this necklace was missing. Madame was in despair and had the house searched, with the exception of Saint-Hilaire's room. She knew his dislike of being disturbed, and moreover she had not entered this room for a long time, so that she could not have left the diamonds there.

A few days later at one of Mme. Saint-Hilaire's "at homes" her husband appeared, and a woman among the guests who supposed he knew of the disappearance of the diamonds asked him if they had been found.

"What diamonds?" he asked. He called his wife and questioned her. "What sort of a looking thing was this that you have lost?"

She described the diamond necklace.

"Ah," said the zoologist, "for several days my baboon has had in his possession, generally worn about his neck, a similar thing to that described."

"But why did you not tell me?" his wife exclaimed in indignation.

"Why," answered Saint-Hilaire, "I supposed that it belonged to him. He seemed to be very fond and proud of it."—Baltimore Sun.

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**Law of Falling Bodies.**

A falling body having fallen during one exact second falls 16.1 feet. At the precise end of the second it has acquired a specific velocity of 32.2 feet per second. This carries it 32.2 feet during the second second, and this added to 16.1 feet equals 48.3 feet distance fallen during the two seconds. And at the exact end of the second second the acquired velocity is 64.4 feet per second, and so on.—New York American.

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**What Any Woman Knew.**

"My dear," remarked Jones, who had just finished reading a book on "The Wonders of Nature," "this really is a remarkable work. Nature is marvelous! Stupendous! When I read a work like this it makes me think how puerile, how insignificant is man."

"Huh!" sniffed his better half. "A woman doesn't have to wade through 400 pages to find out the same thing." —Judge.

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**Their Brand of Pride.**

To a millionaire who had started life as a poor apprentice a friend said, "Your women folk must be proud of you, since you are self made."

"Yes," he answered grimly; "yes, they're about as proud of me as they'd be of a homemade dress."—Exchange.

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**Fault of the Dictionary.**

A business concern, after running its own trade organ for some time, decided that it must have a printing department under its own supervision, because it found that "the ordinary printing office is not properly equipped to get out large quantities of special matter on short notice in an up to date manner and at an 'equanomical' cost." Soon after one partner turned to the other and inquired, "Do you spell 'e-q-u-e' or 'e-q-u-i' in 'equinomical?'" "I am not sure," said the other. "Look in the dictionary." After searching the first said with pained surprise, "Tain't here." The second came to help him, but had no better success. Then they stared at each other in astonishment till one exclaimed, "Well, what do you think of a man that would get up a big dictionary like that and not put in such a common word as 'equinomical?'"—Argonaut.

# THE OLD BOOTJACK

## Time Was When It Proved a Real Friend In Every Home.

## JOYS OF A PAIR OF BOOTS.

### Getting Them Off When They Were Hard and Wrinkled Was a Struggle, but Getting Them on Was Often a Test of Strength and Endurance.

Many boys and young men of these days who have heard more or less about the old time bootjacks have probably never seen one, because with the abandonment of the wearing of boots by men and boys the bootjack went out of fashion. In the old days, especially in the winters, the man or boy who wore anything but boots was rare and the bootjack was a necessary article in every house.

Boots were worn without rubbers, and frequently to keep out the snow and the slush they were treated to an application of mutton tallow or some other greasy substance, but these applications did not always keep the feet dry nor the leather soft. The leg of the boot in the vicinity of the ankles was sure to have deep, heavy wrinkles, and when the boots got wet and then dried on the owner's feet the wrinkles became hard, and it was no easy matter to get those boots off. It generally required considerable labor over the bootjack. It required tugging and tugging, and after the job was finally accomplished the boots would generally be left near the stove for the night to get a thorough drying out for the morning.

Getting the hard boots on in the mornings was always more of a job than getting them off the night before. If the wrinkles at the ankles were hard at the time the boots were taken off they were even harder and stiffer in the morning, and that added to the task of getting them on. The owner would shove his foot down into the leg of the boot, the forefingers would be shoved through the straps, and the haul at getting the boots on would begin.

At first the haul would be a straight one, with the boot resting on the floor, and while the hauling was in process the weight of the body would be exercised in shoving the foot into the boot. The counters of the old time leather boots were naturally hard, but after the leather had become wet and had dried out they were still harder and invariably it was a hard task to get the heel down. It was always a tremendous relief to get the edge of a stockinged heel over the inside of the counter, because with that the great difficulty was overcome, and then the foot would slip naturally into its resting place in the boot.

Invariably a rest was desired after the first boot was on before the task of getting on the second was tackled, and often the practice of kicking the boots on was resorted to. The man or boy would first get his forefingers into the straps of his boot, and as he pulled he would kick the toe of the boot against the wall or baseboard. In houses where there were boys the marks made by kicking on the boots were always to be seen. Of course, this had a tendency to wear out the toes, but then many of the boots were built to meet this "kicking" game.

Some of the boots were re-enforced with brass toe pieces, a trifle over a quarter of an inch in depth, and these were fastened into the boot between the upper and the welt and shaped something after a horseshoe. Boots supplied with these brass pieces—and they made this kind for men as well as boys—would always stand more "kicking" before the leather was worn through and a visit to the cobbler's was made necessary.

The bootjack, though it has disappeared now, was then to be found in every home. Bootjacks generally were of home manufacture, and one would last for many years. They were so easy to make that some families would have a number of them, so that there would be no occasion for waiting should one member of the family want the bootjack while another member was using it. A hammer, some nails, lumber and a saw were the requisites.

To make a bootjack a piece of board about twelve or fifteen inches long and four or five inches wide was obtained. A piece the shape of a V would be sawed from one end of the board and then a lift consisting of a piece of board about an inch in width and an inch high would be nailed on the underside a short distance below the small point of the V. That raised the V end from the floor and gave a place to put the heel in when it was desired to pull off the boot. This in effect completed the bootjack, with the exception of the hole by which to hang it up.

In the days when boots were so generally worn augurs were not as common in the homes as they are nowadays, when about every household has a small kit of carpenter's tools, but getting a hole in the bootjack was an easy matter. It was done by heating the stoke poker in the kitchen stove until it became red hot, and with it to burn a hole through the bootjack about an inch from the end opposite the V, and the bootjack was completed. Bootjacks made in the way outlined have done service in many families for generations.—Hartford Courant.

We exaggerate misfortune and happiness alike. We are never either so wretched or so happy as we say we are.—Balzac.

### A Bit of Sarcasm.

"The late Dr. Morgan Dix," said a clergyman of New York, "had a droll way of lightening grave subjects with little humorous asides. Once I heard him addressing a graduating class at a medical school. He began in this way:

"'Physiologists tell us, gentlemen, that the older a man grows the smaller his brain becomes. This explains why the old man knows nothing and the young one everything.'"

## A DREAM AND A LETTER.

### Maybe Merely a Coincidence, Maybe a Spirit Message.

The following story of a dream was told to a correspondent by an acquaintance who is about as stolid and unimaginative a man as one could meet:

He had a friend of whom he had lost sight of for some time. This friend committed suicide and one night, soon after he had done so, the unimaginative man dreamed that he was walking along a street after dusk when the bust of the dead man appeared to him and requested him to follow it. He did so, and it led him to a house, the door of which was open, and then up some stairs to a room where there was a table on which lay a number of books, all of which were lying open.

The dead man had been a great reader and therefore there was nothing unusual in the spectacle of a great many books in his room. The bust turned to the unimaginative man and begged him to turn over a page of each book so that it might continue to read. He did so, and he remembers that the bust became petulant when he turned over two pages in mistake. When all the pages were turned the bust appeared to be happy.

The dreamer awoke and told his wife about it. When he went down to breakfast he found a letter lying on the table bearing the postmark of a town of which he had no knowledge other than its name. He had never been there, nor, so far as he was aware, had the dead man, nor had he any friends or relatives in the town. The only relative of the dead man of whom he had any knowledge lived in another city.

When he opened the envelope he found inside it a small photograph of the dead man, showing his bust only. There was not any letter inclosed with it, nor anything to denote by whom it had been sent, and to this day he does not know from whom he received it.—Manchester Guardian.

## ONE OF IRVING'S POSES.

### His Role of Defeated Candidate In Labouchere's Borough.

An amusing episode of the Middlesex elections of 1868 was the error that the supporters of Henry Labouchere made in taking Henry Irving for their defeated candidate. The story is told by Mr. Algar Labouchere Thorold in his "Life of Henry Labouchere," as Mr. Labouchere himself narrated it:

"I was the defeated candidate for Middlesex. Those were the days of hustings and election displays, and it was the fashion for each candidate to go down to Brentford in a carriage and four to thank his supporters. On the morning of the day when I had to perform this function, Irving called upon me, and I invited him to accompany me. Down we drove. I made an inaudible speech to a noisy mob, and we re-entered our carriage to return to London.

"In a large constituency like Middlesex few know the candidates by sight. Irving felt it his duty to assume an attitude of importance. He folded his arms, pressed his hat over his brows and was every inch the baffled politician—defeated, sad, yet sternly resigned to his fate. In this character he was so impressive that the crowd came to the conclusion that he was the defeated candidate.

"So woebegone and so solemnly dignified did he look that they were overcome with emotion, and to show their sympathy they took the horses out of the carriage and dragged it back to London. When they left us I got up to thank them, but this did not dispel the illusion. 'Poor fellow,' I heard them say as they looked at Irving, 'his feelings are too much for him!' and they patted him on the back, shook hands with him and thanked him."

### Had a Sixth Sense.

A medical correspondent has had brought to his notice the remarkable case of a woman possessing an extraordinary sixth sense in regard to spiders. She could, the writer records, detect the presence of a spider in any room she happened to be living in without having seen the insect or without having any reason to suppose that it was there. The discovery was accompanied by violent sickness, malaise and even debility. But all this passed away on the spider being caught and removed from the room.—London Times.

### The Largest Earth Dam.

A notable engineering structure in the drainage basin of the Missouri river is the Belle Fourche dam, erected across the river of the same name in South Dakota by the government to impound water for irrigation. This dam is an earth embankment 155 feet high and one and one-fifth miles long, containing 1,600,000 cubic yards of earth fill. This is the largest earth dam in existence.—Argonaut.

### Nearer Home.

"An astronomer is exploring space to study other worlds," said the man of scientific tastes.

"Yes," said Senator Sorghum. "I suppose they're doing great work, although there's a whole lot about this world that we haven't found out yet."—Washington Star.

### Wholesale Wealth.

"He is not rich as wealth is measured today."

"Measured, eh?" murmured an elderly philosopher. "I guess that's a modern term. They used to count the money in the old days."—London Telegraph.

### Too True.

A critic once wrote of Whistler's portrait of Carlyle that it was not life size.

"No," was the artist's comment; "few men are."

### Never Did.

"While you were standing in the doorway telling the sweet young thing goodnight did it ever dawn upon you"—

"Oh, no! I never stayed that late."—Judge.

## FLYWHEELS IN WARFARE.

### As Projectiles They Would Mow Down Everything In Their Way.

A big flywheel spinning rapidly involves a much greater danger than that of merely exploding. The explosion of a flywheel is due to centrifugal force and causes pieces of the wheel to fly off at a tangent in the plane of the wheel, but in practically every direction in this plane. But consider for a moment what would happen if a flywheel were to become loose from its bearings and stay whole.

The great velocity of rotation would be changed to velocity of translation, and the wheel would travel with lightning swiftness along the floor in the direction of rotation. It would act like a locomotive wheel going at tremendous speed. Of course, if it were to drop in a puddle of oil it would not go far, but simply slip like an engine wheel on an oiled track. But with no oil to check its course the results would be awful to contemplate.

Suppose that the wheel was forty feet in circumference and was rotating at 1,800 revolutions a minute. A point on the wheel would then be traveling 72,000 feet a minute, or about 800 miles an hour. This is as fast as a cannon ball and, of course, the wheel would act in a similar manner to a cannon ball—it would be a mighty projectile that would go through almost anything. It is this danger which keeps the size and speed of flywheels down in practice, especially aboard ship.

It is possible that projectiles will yet be made on this principle for certain purposes. Think what an army could do at short range if it was equipped with hundreds of big flywheels that could be released. They would travel along the ground at great speed and would simply mow down everything in their way. The only drawback to the use of flywheels in this way is the resistance of the ground, and that would not hold for a distance as short as half a mile.

While an ordinary projectile hits in one spot only, the flywheel would cover an area as wide as the wheel and as long as the path over which it traveled. Therefore it is hardly possible that any wheel would become spent without doing great damage. It could be pretty accurately aimed and, on account of its gyroscopic effect, would travel in practically a straight line. Its gyroscopic effect would not, however, keep it from going up or down a hill, but would prevent it from deviating from its path otherwise.

Defense against such a projectile would be hard to get.—New York American.

### Pretty Useful Shoes.

It would be difficult to realize what the Frieslander would do without his klompen or wooden shoes, for they have a hundred uses. With them he bails out his boat, corrects his children and scoops up a drink of water wherever he may be. He places in them his worms for fishing, uses them as missiles in a free fight, measures dry goods with them and a hundred other things. The klompen are cheap. They cost about fifteen pence a pair, man's size, and Dutchmen's feet are not Cinderella-like by any means.—Wide World Magazine.

### Overheard by Thackeray.

The discomforts endured by Thackeray in the United States, which he dwells upon in the letters to Mrs. Brookfield, were alleviated by some amusing incidents. After his return to London he told Carlyle that during one of his American journeys "the train stopped at Concord. Then one of the two silent Yankees opposite me turned to the other and remarked, 'Mr. Emerson, I hear, lives in this town.' 'Ye-as,' was the drawling rejoinder, 'and I understand that, in spite of his odd notions, he is a man of considerable property.'"

### Lover of Poetry.

"Too bad about poets, isn't it?"

"What's too bad—their poetry?"

"No, no; the fact that it doesn't pay to write poetry. I'm told they're mostly always very poor."

"You mean their books don't sell?"

"That's it. It's too bad."

"You like poetry?"

"I love it. I read all I can get."

"You buy the books, of course?"

"Oh, dear, no! I can get 'em all from the library!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Seldom Misses.

Two "good fellows" were ambling home at an early hour in the morning after a festive evening.

"Doesn't your wife miss you on these occasions?" asked one.

"Not often," replied the other; "she throws pretty straight."—Cleveland Leader.

### Where They Differed.

"I always try to look at everything from both sides."

"Your wife tells a different story."

"How's that?"

"She says you haven't seen the inside of a church for years."—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Amundsen's Training.

Captain Roald Amundsen, the Norwegian who put the south pole on the map, was born in Sarpsborg, Norway, July 16, 1872. His youth was spent in Christiania and on board sealers and whalers commanded by his father, Captain Jens Amundsen. He was twenty-five when he entered on his first south polar trip as the first officer of the Belgica expedition. This journey lasted two years and filled the young sailor with aspirations for further explorations in the frozen regions. His parents wanted him to become a physician, and he spent a year in a medical college. Later he went to Germany to study sciences that would aid him as an explorer. His first notable feat was to take a ship through the northwest passage, and on this trip he twice wintered in the ice.—New York World.

**Children Cry**
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### Waiting For Emmeline.

From Belshazzar court to the theater district is only a thirty minutes' ride in the subway, but usually we reach the theater a few minutes after the rise of the curtain. Why this should be I have never been able to explain. It is a fact that on such nights we have dinner half an hour early, and Emmeline comes to the table quite ready to go out, except that she has her cloak to slip on. Nevertheless we are a few minutes late. While Emmeline is slipping on her cloak I glance through the editorial page in the evening paper, answer the telephone and recall several bits of work I overlooked at the office. I then give Harold a drink of water, in bed, help Emmeline with her hat, clean out the drawers in my writing table, tell Harold to stop talking to himself and go to sleep and hunt for the theater tickets in the pockets of my street clothes. After that I have time to read a page or two of —— —— and go in to see that Harold is well covered up. Emmeline always makes me save time by having me ring for the elevator while she is drawing on her gloves. Nevertheless we are a few minutes late for the first act.—Simeon Strunsky in Atlantic.

### Sleep.

The science and poetry of sleep are here.

Science has this in the London Globe:

Sleep begins in its first phase by a state of distraction. * * * Immediately afterward, in a second phase, these states of distraction pass into a very delicate motor disturbance, due to the absence of parallelism in the axes of the eyes or by the deviation of their conjugate movements.

And poetry this:

Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence. Sleep hath its own world,
And dreams in their development have breath
And tears and tortures and the touch of joy.

And Shakespeare's "Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care." And a host of others that you can get glimpses of in the anthologies.

As between science and poetry, which gives you the truer idea of sleep?—Kansas City Star.

### Euler's Wonderful Memory.

Leonhard Euler, who was born in 1707 and died in 1783 at St. Petersburg, where he spent his life as a teacher of great power and as a prolific writer, was an instance of the genuine mathematician endowed with almost superhuman powers. He left more than 200 manuscript treatises on his favorite subject, and the bulk of the works published by his academy between 1727 and 1783 were from his pen. In his old age he was totally blind. Then he carried in his memory a table of the first six powers of the "series of natural numbers up to 100."

It is related that on one occasion two of Euler's students attempted to calculate a converging series. As they advanced they found they disagreed in the result by a unit in the fifteenth figure. The question was referred to Euler, who decided to make the calculation. He did this mentally, and his result was found to be correct.

### Waste of Energy.

Caroline Lockhart, the novelist, said on a recent visit to New York:

"What amazing toilets the rich woman makes today! Her bath and massage require an hour; the coiffeur demands an hour more; then there's the manicure; then there's the application before a Louise Qinze dressing table, of a dozen unguents and cosmetics from bottle mounted in old silver. And her actual dressing, the actual putting on of her clothes, hasn't, mark you, yet begun!

"It all makes me think of a shock I once put up at over night in the prairie. I rose at daybreak, and washed my face and hands in a creek behind the house. A piece of burlap bag hung on a branch, and I used this for a towel. Then I took a comb from my pocket.

"A boy of 12 had been watching me with a cynical smile. When he saw my comb appear he could restrain himself no longer. He gave a laugh of scorn and yelled:

"'Hey, lady, ain't you a good o' trouble to yerself.'—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

### Ye Neighbor's Visit

Congressman James C. Cantrill of Kentucky was reminded of one the other evening when reference was made to the beautiful way in which Bertha bangs the piano.

Some time since, he said, sweet 16 sat down at the piano in a pretty little suburban home and started to bat the keys. That was 8 o'clock. At 8:30 she was still on the job. The same at 9.

At 10 a man who had just moved into the neighborhood came over and gently pushed the buzz button.

"I heard your daughter playing," explained the new neighbor, as girlie's papa came to the door, "and I thought I would drop in for a minute or two."

"Fine! Fine!" enthusiastically cried girlie's papa, trying to haul the new neighbor into the house. "Glad you did! So you are fond of music, eh?"

"Not exactly that," responded the new neighbor, peering into the parlor. "In this particular case I had an irresistible desire to see the person who was possessed of such a wonderful power of endurance."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

He was one of those fresh young fellows given to the use of slang. At the breakfast table, desiring the milk, he exclaimed:

"Chase the cow down this way, please."

"Here, Jane," said the landlady, "take the cow down to where the calf is bawling."

Butcher to boy—"I say, Pat, have you delivered Mrs. Smith's joint and Mrs. Jones' ribs?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's right. Don't forget to cut off Mrs. Brow's skirts, and weigh Mrs. Mrs. O'Malley's pig feet."

Pat (lunching beside the trench)—Here comes Rev. Mr. Ryan. Put your hat on.

Mike—An' pwhy should I?

Pat—So ye can take it off to his reverence.—Boston Transcript.

### Speaking Under Difficulties.

As a political speaker, William Jennings Bryan has had a bewildering lot of experiences. One of the funniest on his list was what happened to him when, as a young man, he visited a small place in Illinois for the purpose of showing the voters exactly how to vote.

Shortly before the psychological moment, came for young Bryan to let loose the floods of oratory, an old countryman approached him mysteriously, and silently led him around to the back of the schoolhouse. There he drew from his pocket a bottle of whiskey and pronounced the classic command:

"Have a drink?"

"No, thanks," said Mr. Bryan.

The old man's eyes widened, and in their depths was the shadow of fear.

"Just a little," he said persuasively.

"No, not even a little," Mr. Bryan declined again politely.

The old man's eyes began to bulge.

"Just one drop," he insisted.

Mr. Bryan declined for the third time.

The old man's chest grew flatter, his shoulders sagged, and he was the picture of melancholy, as he said with indescribable pathos:

"Well, do the best you can, anyway."—Popular Magazine.

### A Druggist's Orders.

Here are some orders recently received by a druggist in a large city:

"This child is my little girl. I sent you five cents to buy two sitless powders for a grown up adult who is sike."

"Dear Dochter, ples gif bearer five sents worse of Auntie Toxyn for to gargle bab's throat and oblege."

"You will pleas give the leetle boi five cents worth of epecac for to throw up in five month's old babe. N. B.—The Babe has a sore stummick."

"I have a cute pain in my child's diagram. Please give my son something to relcase it."

"My little babey has eat up its father's parish plaster. Send an antedote quick as possible by the enclosed girl."

"I haf a hot time in my insides and wich I wood like it to be extinguished. What is good for to extinguish it. The enclosed money is for the price of the extinguisher. Hurry pleas."

### The Bright Side.

Some time ago a traveler from the West was visiting eastern Canada when he came upon a small seaport settlement where the natives looked anything but prosperous.

"I wonder, Dave," the traveler remarked, turning to his host, "what these people live on."

"Mostly on fish," answered Dave.

"Fish!" exclaimed the westerner, "Why fish is said to be a brain food, and yet these people are the most unintelligent bunch that I ever saw."

"Well, probably they are," was the smiling reply of the host, "but just think what they would look like if they didn't eat."

### Uncle's Knowledge.

Little Jimmy came to Toronto from his northern Ontario home, where he had never seen a colored person. One day when he was out walking with his Uncle Bob, there happened to pass a colored woman, and the little fellow asked:

"Say, uncle, why did that woman black her face?"

"Why, she hasn't blacked her face—that is her natural color," replied the uncle.

"Is she black like that all over?" asked Jimmy.

"Why, yes."

"Gosh, uncle, you know everything, don't you?"

### Not What she Wanted.

She was a young missionary to China, not yet quite proficient in the language of the country, and was giving a little dinner to some friends. During the course of the meal she asked the servant to bring in some fruit—at least she thought she did.

He objected; she insisted; he refused; she grew angry. At last he left the room.

Presently he returned, carrying a large platter, which he placed before her with an air of supreme contempt. On it, carefully arranged, were her husband's every-day trousers!—Youth's Companion.

### Lucky.

There was only a thin partition between the bar parlor and the taproom of the suburban hostelry, so that I could not help hearing what was perhaps a confidence about a certain Bill's terrible condition the previous afternoon.

"Well, to cut a long story short," said the voice, which was husky, probably with emotion, "I had to set him on a doorstep and leave 'im there. 'E must 'a' fell asleep and is 'at dropped on to t' footpath, an'—would yer believe it?—when 'e woke up there was 11 pence in it."—Manchester Guardian.

### No Need For Care.

A gang of laborers was employed digging a mysterious ditch across the street. It was a sewer or a place to put a gas pipe or something. One man in particular was working as if he were a chorus man in a play, just going through the motions and pretending to dig a ditch.

The foreman came along and spoke to him. "Don't be afraid," he said, with rich sarcasm. "Lean on th' shovel now and then. If it breaks I'll pay for it."—Cleveland Leader.

See that houn' dowg he's got? Pete trained that dowg to do everything a circus dowg can do. Ever hear Pete play on the mouth harp an' accompany himself on the guitar? Taught himself. Ever see his handwritin'? Just like copperplate, all shaded an' flourished, an' he kin make a swan without takin' his pen from the paper. Pete may not keep a job or feed his family, but he's a genius—that's what he is."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Teacher—Tommy, what is a boomerang? Tommy—I can't describe it exactly, but I know it has a short tail and can climb trees.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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### Corrected By a Sentry.

In his younger days the poet Coleridge had a little love affair which ended in disaster, for the lady refused him. In despair he enlisted in a cavalry regiment, which he hoped would be ordered to foreign service, that he might end his blighted career on the tented field. For family reasons he dropped his correct name, but from a feeling of sentiment retained the initials, so Samuel Taylor Coleridge became, Private Silas Tompkins Camberbatch.

The regiment did not leave the country, and it was not long before his soul wearied of barrack life and its utter absence of romance. His military life ended in a curious fashion. One day while Coleridge was doing a weary sentry go two officers strolled past. One of them made use of a Greek quotation, which the other corrected. The first insisted on his correctness, while the other was just as positive he was wrong.

While they disputed, the sentry suddenly presented arms and respectfully informed them that they were both in error. He gave the exact quotation. Name of the author and other circumstances. If his musket had spoken the bearers would not have been more astonished. The incident led to an inquiry and the poet was restored to the bosom of his family.—Argonaut.

### Fears Allayed.

A political meeting was on in a certain Iowa town and Thomas R. Marshall, vice president of the United States, was to speak. The hall was packed and the air was stifling. For some reason it was impossible to open the windows, and one had to be broken. It was feared that the noise would startle the audience and perhaps throw them into a panic. The mayor of the town stepped forward to give warning. The audience, however, had not assembled to listen to the mayor, and overwhelmed him with cries of "Marshall! Marshall."

Silence was not restored till the infuriated official yelled at the top of his voice:

"I'm not going to make a speech! I have something to say."—New York Evening Post Magazine.

### Her New Device.

He stayed too late and accepted no hints.

Then the lovely young girl resorted to a new device.

"Taking any interest in the Mexican language?" she asked, as she deftly hid a yawn.

"No," he replied.

"Beunos noches," she said. "I learned it today."

"What is it?"

"Why, that's good night. Adois."

"What's that?"

"Goodby. It's very simple. Must you go? Gracious, Beono, Con macho gusto. Adois."

And he went down the steps without telling her he had lived two years in Mexico City.

### Being Lucid.

If you wish to achieve a reputation for originality and distinction try being lucid. There is nothing quite like it: "Permit me to think you for your lucid exposition of"—it matters not what the subject.

What is it to be lucid? It is to write something which the man who compliments you because you have been lucid about it agrees with. No one who disagrees with you ever called you lucid, no woman ever referred to her husband as a lucid husband. No man ever called his wife a lucid wife.—Life.

Mother—Sometimes there are rude boys in Sunday school who giggle and smile at little girls, and sometimes little girls smile back at them, but I hope my little girl does not behave like that.

Small Daughter—No, indeed mamma; I always put out my tongue at 'em.—Boston Transcript.

"Why, look here," said the merchant who was in need of a boy "aren't you the same boy who was in here a week ago?"

"Yes, sir," said the applicant.

"I thought so. And didn't I tell you then that I wanted an older boy?"

"Yes, sir. That's why I'm back I'm older now."

Esther, returning from her first day at school, was asked by her mother, "How do you like school?"

"Oh, school is very nice, but I don't think my teacher knows very much. She could not read my writing."—Indianapolis News.

Hotel Waiter—Come sir, you really must go off to bed, sir. (Yawns.) Why, the dawn's a breaking, sir. Late Reveller—Let it break—and put it down in the bill, walter.—Punch.

Willie—Paw, what is a martyr? Paw—A martyr is a man who helps his next door neighbor mend his phonograph my son.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"What are you fishing for, my lad?"

"Fish."

"What kind of fish?"

"Fresh."—Boston Transcript.

"I never saw my daughter economical but once."

"How did that happen?"

"She was buying candles for her birthday cake."—Pittsburgh Post.

We read in the Toronto Star of the wedding of William Damm and Lena Good. Write your own caption—Boston Globe.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1098.

"Pa—I heard Uncle Henry say that he had hatched out a scheme. How could he do that?"

"He probably had his mind set on it."

"Is he completely under his wife's dominion?"

"I guess so. He wears a bathing suit that she made for him."—Puck.

# Historical and Genealogical.

## Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1914.

### NOTES.

STUART—Notes relating to the family of Gilbert Stuart.—

The venerable Dr. Waterhouse, in the "American Portrait Gallery", observes: "Between the years 1740 and 1760, there came over from Great Britain to these English Colonies, a number of Scotch gentlemen—Some settled at Philadelphia, some at Perth Amboy, some in New York, but the greater portion sat down on the pleasant and healthy spot, Rhode Island, called by its first historiographer, Callender, the 'Garden of America'. Several of the emigrants were professional men; among these was Dr. Thomas Moffat, a learned physician of the Boerhaavean school; but, however learned, his dress and manners were so ill suited to the plainness of the inhabitants of Rhode Island, who were principally Quakers, that he could not make his way among them as a practitioner, and looked around for some mode of genteel subsistence; and he hit upon that of cultivating tobacco and making snuff, to supply the place of the great quantity that was every year imported from Glasgow; but he could find no man in the country, who he thought was able to make him a snuff mill. He therefore wrote to Scotland and obtained a competent mill-wright by the name of Gilbert Stuart. Dr. Moffat selected for his mill-seat a proper stream in that part of the colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations which bore and still bears the Indian name of Narragansett.

There Gilbert Stuart, the father of the great painter, erected the first snuff mill in New England, and there he manufactured that strange article of luxury. He soon after built a house, and married a very handsome woman, daughter of a Mr. Anthony, a substantial farmer; and of this handsome couple at Narragansett, was born Gilbert Charles Stuart; so christened, but the middle name which betokens the Jacobite principals of his father, was early dropped by the son, and never used in his days of notoriety; indeed, but for the signatures of letters addressed to his friend Waterhouse in youth, we should have no evidence that he ever bore more than the famous name of Gilbert Stuart. He was about thirteen years old when he began to copy pictures, and at length attempted likenesses in black lead. There came to Newport about the year 1770, a Scotch gentleman named Cosmo Alexander; he was between fifty and sixty years of age, of delicate health and prepossessing manners, apparently independent of the profession of painting, which ostensibly was his occupation, though it is believed that he, and several other gentlemen of leisure and observation from Britain, were travelling in this country for political purposes. From Mr. Alexander, young Stuart first received lessons in the grammar of the art of painting, and, after the Summer spent in Rhode Island, he accompanied him to the South, and afterwards to Scotland. Mr. Alexander died not long after his arrival in Edinburg, leaving his pupil to the care of Sir George Chambers, who did not long survive him. Into whose hands the young artist fell after these disappointments we know not, nor is it to be regretted, for the treatment he received was harsh, such of it as his father or Gilbert ever mentioned. The young man returned to Newport, and after a time resumed his pencil.

In March, 1775, Dr. Waterhouse went to England. Stuart arrived in London, November, 1775, and returned in 1793. He died in Boston, July 27, 1828, aged seventy-two. The following is extracted from a letter of Miss Anne Stuart, a daughter of the late Gilbert Stuart:

"There are two very excellent sketches of my father, which I regret not being able to find; one by Washington Allston, the painter, the other by the late Samuel L. Knapp of Boston. I feel all the disposition in the world to give you the information you desire, but my means are limited, as most of our relatives are dead, and also all the elder branches of our immediate family. My mother is living, but quite advanced, and I find of late, she is rather disinclined to talk of days gone by. When she is at all in the mood, I try to extract from her what I can. She sometimes relates very amusing incidents such as would figure in biography, but would be of no importance for the purpose you wish. You wish to know of what Anthony family my grandmother was. All that I have been able to trace is, that she was the daughter of a Captain John Anthony, who was from Wales, and had a farm on the Island near Newport, which he sold to Bishop Berkeley, being called by him Whitehall. On this farm my grandmother was born, and was married in Narragansett to my grandfather, Gilbert Stuart, who was from Perth in Scotland. They had but three children: James, Anne, and Gilbert. As to their birthplace, you are much better informed than myself. James died in infancy. My father was educated in the grammar school in Newport, and then sent to Scotland to Sir George Chambers, for the purpose of finishing his education at Glasgow, after which he returned to Newport, where he remained for a time, and was then sent to England to study with Benjamin West, the great historical painter of that day. Our grandparents were attached to the British Government; all their property was confiscated, and they left Rhode Island, and took up their residence in Nova Scotia, where Anne Stuart, my father's only sister, married Henry Newton, collector of the Customs at Halifax, by whom she had a numerous family. Her youngest son died about six years since in England, where he had arrived at great celebrity as an artist. The name of Gilbert Stuart Newton is quite distinguished—he was truly an accomplished man; he has one brother now living who is the most zealous supporter of the Episcopal Church in the country; he resides at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and is president of a bank there.

After my father had struggled through a good deal, his pictures attracted the attention of some noblemen at the Royal Academy, and he was employed by all the most distinguished. He then married Charlotte Coats, a daughter of Dr. William Coats (in 1786), in the town of Reading, in the county of Berkshire, in England. Shortly after he went over to Ireland, for the purpose of painting the Duke of Rutland, then Lord Lieutenant of that Kingdom. Unfortunately he arrived on the very day on which the Duke was buried; but he was soon sought by the nobility there, and was very fully employed by them, and lived in great splendour. But his great ambition was to paint Washington; it overcame all other entreaties, and seems to have been the great object of his mind... Instead of returning to England, as he had engaged to do, he came to his native land and painted Washington, a picture which has benefited every one more than himself or his family. About this time, his brother-in-law, Mr. Newton wrote to him requesting him to come to Halifax for the purpose of painting the Duke of Kent, who offered to send a ship of war for him if he would come, but he declined the offer, so absorbing was his subject of Washington's portrait.

Few painters have received more honors; but I think he did not set a just value upon them. I am proud to see that they have made choice of his portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds to engrave with his "Lectures". It is considered the finest ever painted of him, though my father was quite young when he painted it. A few years previous to his death, he was requested to paint a head of himself for the Academy of Florence, the greatest compliment ever paid to an American Artist; but, as was usual, he did not even answer the letter. I am fearful I am going too much into detail, but am indolently drawn into it by feeling. I am writing to his townsman who may possibly feel more interest in these matters on that account.

You ask how many children there are? There were twelve, of which all that remain are four. My second brother Charles was a very fine landscape painter, but died at the age of twenty-six. "My sister Jane, who is the youngest of the twelve, is still living, and I think inherits a great deal of her father's genius."

The house in which Gilbert Stuart was born, is still standing in North Kingstown, in the same form it was built by his father. It is two stories high on the south side, and one on the north side, the north sill resting on the mill-dam. The lower story was used as the snuff mill. It has a gambrel roof. It is situated at the head of Pettaquamscutt or Narrow River, about fifty rods above where the river empties into the pond. The snuff mill has gone down and a grist mill has been erected opposite. The writer has argued several causes in the same house before Benjamin Hammond, who was then proprietor of the estate and a justice of the peace in North Kingstown.

Being attached to the Royal Cause, Mr. Stuart, the elder, emigrated to Nova Scotia at the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle, leaving his family to follow him. All intercourse having been interrupted, it became hazardous to remove without authority. Mrs. Stuart at the February session of the General Assembly of this state, preferred her petition for liberty to join her husband, upon which the following vote was passed.

"Whereas, upon the petition of Elizabeth Stuart, wife of Gilbert Stuart, late of Newport in the Colony of Rhode Island, snuff-maker, setting forth that her said husband is possessed of a tract of land in the township of Newport, in Nova Scotia, under improvement, upon which he hath some stock; that he finds it impossible to maintain his family in said town of Newport in this Colony, and did sometime last summer remove to his said farm, where he now is and proposes to remain. And that exclusively of the impracticability of supporting herself and family in this Colony, which strongly impels her to follow her said husband, she is very desirous of joining him, which she is bound in duty to do if possible. And therefore beseought this Assembly to permit the sloop Nova Scotia Packet, David Ross, master, to proceed to said town of Nova Scotia, with herself and family—she being willing to give the amplest security, that nothing but the wearing apparel and household furniture of the family, and necessary provisions for the voyage, shall be carried in said sloop. The Assembly taking the same into consideration. It is voted and resolved, That the prayer of this petition be granted, and that the sloop, aforesaid be permitted to sail under the inspection of Messrs. John Collins and George Sears, of Newport, in this Colony, or either of them."

The family of Mr. Gilbert Stuart have resided for some years in Newport. Miss Jane Stuart, the youngest daughter, is a portrait and landscape painter of deserved celebrity. Her copies of her father's Washington (the original was taken by him at the request of the Legislature of Rhode Island, and conspicuously placed in the Senate Chamber of the State House at Newport) are executed with truthful fidelity.

"Note. "My sister Jane." Jane Stuart was born about 1810, and died in Newport, April 28, 1888. For many years she followed with credit the profession of a portrait-painter. It was long her intention to prepare a life of her father, and, in 1877, she published several articles upon the subject in Scribner's Monthly. A little later at her request, the biography was written by George Champlin Mason, and published in New York in 1879 under the title of "The Life and Works of Gilbert Stuart." ——from

History of the Narragansett Church, By Wilkins Updike,

Edited by Daniel Goodwin.

There is so much interest in Gilbert Stuart and his family that the above note will probably be of value. The letter from his daughter is particularly interesting.—E. M. T.

"Meet me at Barneys"

YOU OUGHT TO HAVE A

**Victor Victrolla**

We have recently received 20 of the new

**$15 MODEL.**

Will you come to day and see and hear this truly wonderful little Victrolla.

Ask to hear your favorite dance record on it.

BARNEY'S Music Store.

SHORT LINE
—TO—
**PROVIDENCE**
—VIA—
Newport & Providence Railway

Ferry Boat Bristol now in commission between Bristol Ferry and Bristol.

This opens the short route for automobilists between Newport and Providence.

S. W. TOWLE,
6-27-4w Superintendent

### ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

New Shoreham, June 20, 1914.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of HIRAM D. WILLIS, late of the Town of New Shoreham, deceased, which Will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, hereby gives notice that she has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

ALZADIA C. WILLIS,
7-27-3w Executrix.

### Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

To Robert T. Estes of Fall River in the County of Bristol and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and all other persons interested in the following described real estate:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed given by said Robert T. Estes to Joseph D. Estes and Abbie B. Estes, dated September 28th, 1911, and recorded in the Town of Tiverton Land Records, Book No. 2, Page 111. And for breach of the conditions thereof and to foreclose said Mortgage will be sold at public auction on SATURDAY, July 18, A. D. 1914, at Three (3) o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises. A certain tract or parcel of land situate in the Town of Tiverton, County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, together with the buildings and improvements thereon situate, on the west side of Stafford Road, bounded and described as follows: On the North by land set off to Benjamin F. Estes, said Northerly line being five rods south of the State line of Rhode Island and Massachusetts, and parallel therewith; on the East by said Stafford Road; on the South by land set off to John H. Estes, said Southerly line being ten rods distance from said State line and parallel therewith, and on the West by Six Rod Way, containing two and 80-100 Acres more or less, and being the same premises conveyed to me by these grantees by deed of even date herewith, to be recorded herewith.

This conveyance is made subject to the conditions contained in said deed.

Also a certain lot of land with the buildings thereon situate in said Tiverton and bounded and described as follows: On the North by the State Line; on the East by Stafford Road; on the South by a line parallel with and five rods distance from said State Line, and the West by a Proprietors Six Rod way, and containing two and 80-100 Acres more or less, and being the same premises conveyed to me by these grantees by deed of even date herewith, to be recorded herewith.

The Mortgagee hereby gives notice that she intends to bid at said sale.

Terms at sale.

ABBIE B. ESTES,
6-27-3w Surviving Mortgagee.

### Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

To the Heirs at Law of Hannah M. Peck, and all other persons interested in the premises:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Hannah M. Peck to Henry C. Anthony, dated October 31st, A. D. 1898, and recorded in Tiverton, R. I., Registry of Deeds, book 12, pages 18-188, and for breach of the conditions in said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold by public auction on the premises on

MONDAY, July 6th, 1914,

at 2.30 o'clock p. m., the premises described in said mortgage deed as follows, viz:

A certain lot or tract of land situate in said Tiverton and bounded and described as follows, viz: Northerly by land of Thomas Kirkpatrick; Easterly and Southerly by land of Sarah C. Manchester, and Westerly by the Town Hall road and containing what it may. It being the same land conveyed to me by Esther J. Manchester by deed dated Sept. 28th, A. D. 1888, and recorded in the Land Records of Tiverton, R. I., Book 31, Folio 18 and 347, to which deed reference may be made for a more particular description.

Said premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes and assessments whatsoever.

Terms made known at sale.

HENRY C. ANTHONY,
6-13-4w Mortgagee.

### TOWN OF NEW SHOREHAM.

## Notice of Application FOR Liquor License.

Town Clerk's Office, June 18th, 1914.

APPLICATION was made for license to sell pure, spirituous, malt and intoxicating liquors, at retail only, by the following named person:

FRANCIS DAVIS—At the New Harbor Pavilion.

The Town Council of said New Shoreham will be in session at the Town Hall in said town on MONDAY, the 6th day of July, A. D. 1914, at 4 o'clock p. m., at which time and place all persons objecting to the granting of the above application may be heard. All remonstrances must be filed on or before the time of hearing.

By order of the Town Council of New Shoreham,

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
6-20-3w Clerk.

Church—What do you think! This paper says that women spend 90 per cent. of $10,000,000,000 annually in the United States for food, clothing and shelter. Gotham—Now do you wonder what becomes of your pay envelope?—Yonkers Statesman.

### ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

New Shoreham, R. I., June 20, 1914.

THE UNDERSIGNED Executrix of the last Will and Testament of [illegible], late of the Town of New Shoreham, deceased, which Will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, hereby gives notice that she has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

NETTIE MAY DODGE,
6-27-3w Executrix.

TOBACCO SALESMEN WANTED

Earn $100 monthly. Expenses. Experience unnecessary. Advertise and take orders from merchants for Smoking and Chewing Tobacco, Cigarettes, Cigars, etc. Send a 2c. stamp for full particulars.

HENRY TOBACCO CO.,
6-20-12w New York, N. Y.

The Big Event of the Season is On.

The

# Titus Clearance Sale.

Now that you have come to understand it as a sure thing, you watch for it, you wait for it. Nothing brings to you so much real good, so much benefit. The sort of home things this stock holds are a pride and a joy forever to the housewife who knows the good things of life. And our sales are so conducted that you know there is nothing for you to consider but your own personal gratification. No poor thing creeps into this stock to enable us to deceive you as to its real value, even if we had the mind to. This year there's an added incentive—there had to be. We'll be frank with you—We're overstocked and must unload. We've put the knife in deep to make you buy. The prices quoted in yesterday's papers are convincing beyond the shadow of a doubt. The first sale day proved that—'twas the biggest "first day" we ever had. The stock is at the very top notch of beauty and goodness. TAKE OUR ADVICE.

**PICK QUICK.**

**A. C. TITUS CO.** 225--229 Thames Street, Newport, R. I.

**Vacation Guide**
TO
Southern New England

Practical facts that will aid you in selecting a place to spend your vacation are contained in our

Manual of Summer Resorts

The seacoast of Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts, wonderful islands, mountains and inland country, are full of delightful hotels, boarding-cottages and farm-houses, open to summer guests, at prices that suit every purse.

This book gives a list of them, with rates, capacity, nature of surroundings and many helpful facts.

Saves Weeks of Letter Writing

Sent on request. Address Advertising Department, Room 583, South Station, Boston.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad

THE HANDY EXTENSION TELEPHONE.

NEXT to a sufficient number of trunk lines for outgoing and incoming calls, it is important that every member of your business organization should be "handy" to the telephone.

Extension telephones, furnished at a nominal cost, will save the time of your employes, and increase their efficiency.

The time and effort saved will earn you many times the cost of the extra telephones.

Why not let us supply you with sufficient extension telephones to bring your business organizations up to the highest possible efficiency.

Call up the Contract Department for particulars.

Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station.

Providence Telephone Co.

Telephone 6000 Newport 142 Spring Street

The Savings Bank of Newport.

(Incorporated 1819.)

| | |
|---|---|
| DEPOSITS, - - | $9,271,466.59 |
| SURPLUS & GUARANTY FUND, | 1,015,670.72 |

WM. H. HAMMETT, Pres. WM. PAINE SHEFFIELD, Vice Pres.

DEPOSITS MADE ON OR BEFORE SATURDAY

JULY 18, 1914,

commence to draw interest from that date.

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

PRINTED CALLING CARDS

CLOSELY RESEMBLE THE ENGRAVED SCRIPT, ROMAN, OLD ENGLISH

MERCURY PUB. CO., 182 THAMES ST.

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CORRECT STYLES EITHER FROM CUSTOMER'S PLATE OR FROM NEW PLATE

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WE ARE PREPARED TO FURNISH ENGRAVED WEDDINGS, IN ANY STYLE, AT REASONABLE PRICES, AND SHALL WELCOME AN OPPORTUNITY TO SUBMIT SAMPLES WITH PRICES.

MERCURY PUB. CO., 182 THAMES ST.

Carr's List.

DODO'S DAUGHTER,
By E. F. Benson.
THE WOMEN WE MARRY,
Arthur S. Pier.
MODERN DANCING,
By Mr. and Mrs Vernon Castle.

—ALSO—
A NICE LINE OF EASTER CARDS.
DAILY NEWS BUIDING.

### ISLAND SAVINGS BANK.

At the Annual Meeting of the Corporation of the Island Savings Bank, held June 17, 1914, the following were elected Trustees for the year: Edward A. Brown, David Braman, N. G. Stanton, Edward S. Peckham, F. B. Coggeshall, Dennis J. Murphy, W. A. Armstrong, James R. Chase and William H. Harvey.

At a subsequent meeting of the Trustees the following officers were elected: Edward A. Brown, President; David Braman, N. G. Stanton and Edward S. Peckham, Vice Presidents.
George H. Proud, Treasurer.
E. Greason and Harold R. Chase, Clerks.
6-20-3w G. H. PROUD, Secretary.

### ISLAND SAVINGS BANK.

Newport, R. I., June 18, 1914.

A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND at the rate of four per cent. per annum will be paid to the Depositors on and after July 15, 1914.

GEORGE H. PROUD,
6-20-3w Treasurer.

Large Returns

Have been received in past years from USING OUR

ONION SEED AND OUR Macomber Turnip

As well as other seeds.
Be sure to get the Genuine
At the Store of

H. L. Marsh & Co.
162 Broadway Newport.
Formerly Occupied By F. Barker.

SHOES

FOR EVERY NEED, AT THE

T. Mumford Seabury COMPANY,

214 Thames Street.